



SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 20, No. 13

Saturday Night, Limited, Proprietors
Office: 26 Adelaide Street West

TORONTO, CANADA, FEBRUARY 2, 1907

TERMS: Single Copies, 5c.
Per Annum (in advance), \$2.

Whole No. 1001

THE FRONT PAGE.

LOOKING from the press gallery to the floor of the House of Commons at Ottawa after an absence of five or six years, one observes a great change in the occupants of the treasury benches. Several men of ability have dropped out in that time. Sir Richard Cartwright, Sir William Mulock, Hon. A. G. Blair, Hon. J. Israel Tarte, Hon. Clifford Sifton, Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick are the most notable absentees. These six men constituted nearly the whole ministry not so long ago. Looking down from the press gallery it seems but yesterday that they sat there towering over a small and impotent Opposition. There now remains at the elbow of Sir Wilfrid one minister only who was regarded five years ago as a man of first cabinet rank—Mr. Fielding. He, most useful of them all, remains, somewhat greyer, somewhat stouter, shouldering perhaps an always increasing burden of responsibility as one seasoned colleague after another makes way for a novice.

An interesting book could—but will not—be written entitled "What Happened to the Cabinet of all the Talents." The narrative could have much variety in it, and if done with skill would move the reader to laughter and to tears—there would be play for all the emotions. In the end the reader would feel that among the various characters none were villains and none quite heroes, but all very human. Sir Richard, full of years, retired to the Senate and to silence, closing the career of the most masterly speaker this generation has listened to. Sir William Mulock and Hon. Chas. Fitzpatrick have retired to seats on the Bench. Hon. Clifford Sifton retired on the score of ill-health, and sits an onlooker, his capable hands folded. Hon. J. I. Tarte and the late Hon. A. G. Blair were like riders who miscalculated a jump, fell short and were unhorsed. Six important figures are gone from six important seats on the treasury benches, and the front row of the Liberal administration looks much less formidable than before. What caused these defections? Did the fault lie with the men who dropped out or with the men who remain in? Did these men find the Premier hard to please, or was the Premier unfortunate in the luck he has had with most of his able lieutenants? Perhaps it were better to leave these questions to be discussed in the book already mentioned—the book that nobody will write, but which everybody would eagerly read. At all events Sir Wilfrid Laurier towers with one companion, where he formerly had a cabinet of pretty much his own stature. Of the lot he retains at his side only his destined successor.

The Opposition across the aisle is what it was five years ago. These men sit in Opposition, waiting; they are a party of sailors cast up on the shores of an inhospitable island, and waiting year after year for the ship that was wrecked and sent to the bottom in 1896 to come up from its oozy bed, full-rigged, well provisioned, and carry them on the joyful journey of their dreams. On the island are plenty of timbers, but these castaways have not in ten years constructed even the skeleton of a raft in an effort to help themselves, while the old flag once their fond signal of distress droops in tatters on its pole, attended by nobody. There is nothing to do but wait!

For what do the Oppositionists at Ottawa wait? They wait for a reign to end that they cannot bring to an end; for a breaking-up to take place which too much activity on their part could not hasten but might retard. In about five years they have seen six of the eight men who gave the Government benches a formidable aspect, drop out—quarrel with each other, finding the Opposition offering no large enough cause of quarrel to occupy their talents; rust in office; weary of camp and sentry-go with never a battle; tire of a game not worth the candle. Limp inaction as a method of political resistance is here being tested, and is meeting with a curious measure of success. One can almost imagine a cabinet minister developing a positive dislike for so eventless a Parliament, and the Premier himself wearying of a public life containing daily drudgery, and little that could exalt a man of imagination and sentiment. Perhaps the members to the left of Mr. Speaker at Ottawa are not dull at all—perhaps they are using the deepest guile.

GEORGE P. GRAHAM, M.P.P., and editor of the Brockville Daily Recorder, has been made leader of the Liberal party in the Ontario Legislature. He was the choice of the caucus, and, should a convention be held later in the year, he will probably be chosen "permanent leader for the present," if one may so express it. Mr. Graham does not altogether satisfy the demands of those who want to see a great leader arise who will wave Premier Whitney out of office and lead the chosen people back into office. It is stated that Mr. Graham freely declares himself as not seeking this job beyond the period of the present session, yet, if he, with this opportunity, does not make of himself a leader by the time the proposed convention meets, how can anybody else do the trick by that time? As far as the eye stretches there is nobody else in sight, and Mr. Graham has months of a start on any other aspirant. It may interest the new leader to know why men fear that he has not in him the makings of a successful leader. Men say that there is too much fun in him. They say that no leader since Moses down has been a fun-maker, and they add, that while Lincoln and Sir John Macdonald had wit and were good story-tellers they were not jesters. "There is a levity about George Graham," continue these objectors, "that unsuits him for the serious business of leading a party along the dismal paths of opposition. Who has not seen him in the Legislature or in committee, seized by a ludicrous idea in the midst of a serious discussion, to which he straightway gave voice, upsetting the whole deliberation." It may be so. But he was not leader at the time. Also it may be observed that there is an increasing levity in these times which may make the people take more kindly than in past generations to a political leader who is not always owlishly wise and who can amuse as well as guide the nation. There is another point in his favor. The Whitney administration is rather inclined to ponderosity. It leans somewhat weightily on

the Legislature, and makes the province sag a little under its heaviness. The opposition being too small to stand up against all this avoidpoids, should make up for its deficiencies in a certain quality of nimbleness, that the leadership of Mr. Graham can furnish it with. If he can't drive back the elephant he can tease it into trouble.

More than all else, however, people have been educated to humor and are by no means as much afraid of it as formerly. A man is none the worse for loving his joke. People have learned that there may be a great deal of wisdom in a jest, and a fine vein of seriousness and depths of earnest purpose under a bantering manner. Mr. Graham has a strong sense of humor, which will be not a handicap but a source of strength to him if he have those other qualities that a leader needs—the courage to do the thing that is new, the character to do the thing that is right, and the tact to do neither at the wrong time.

The new leader has made a good start, and his party

and practically all cities in England. That is to say, the tracks will not end here, but will pass through here, and the people to get across parallel tracks will have to descend into a tunnel, and climb up stairs. Baggage will have to be lowered, skidded along and hoisted. For the next twenty years the citizen of Toronto will need, as now, to buy a suburban ticket to entitle him to pass through the gate every time he sees a relative depart on a train, for only those familiar with the jungle will know its intricacies, and every stranger will have to be guided by a native. They are going to impose on us another puzzle—build us another maze.

They tell us that a terminal station cannot be built in Toronto for lack of room—although railway experience shows that it is the only kind suited to a large city. Room to the north could be had by going west as far as Simcoe street; even on the present site room could be had north of Front street by paying the money for it.

as is here suggested, the City Hall people should seek to have the terminal plan adopted now.

A QUEER story appears in some of the newspapers unfriendly to Sir Wilfrid Laurier to the effect that one day last week Mr. Armand Lavergne, M.P., introduced to the Premier a deputation of some thirty citizens who had come to Ottawa to ask something of the Government—it does not matter what. After the deputation had spoken, the Premier of Canada is said to have made reply that he would be pleased to consider their representations, but that "for the present he could not pay attention to any request emanating from Mr. Lavergne, M.P., seeing that he was not a ministerial supporter."

Mr. Lavergne is the Liberal member for Montmagny, but of late he has not seen his way clear to support the ministry in everything. The men who came to Ottawa on this deputation were from Montmagny—as a matter of fact they wanted a dock, for every parish in Quebec wants a dock—and as they were huddled in the presence of the great Premier of Canada, the chance was good to give a home thrust to Lavergne who dared to come up from Montmagny and disagree on a trifle or two with the great giver of all docks, wharves, post-offices and whatever the people of Montmagny might covet. The chance was good to hit this member who presumed to think for himself, a fatal blow, and make sure that these dock-wanters would go back home and elect a dock-getter—a tame tool of a man who will always think, speak and vote as he is told. There are plenty such to be had. One might suppose that Parliament is already as full of them as Sir Wilfrid Laurier could desire.

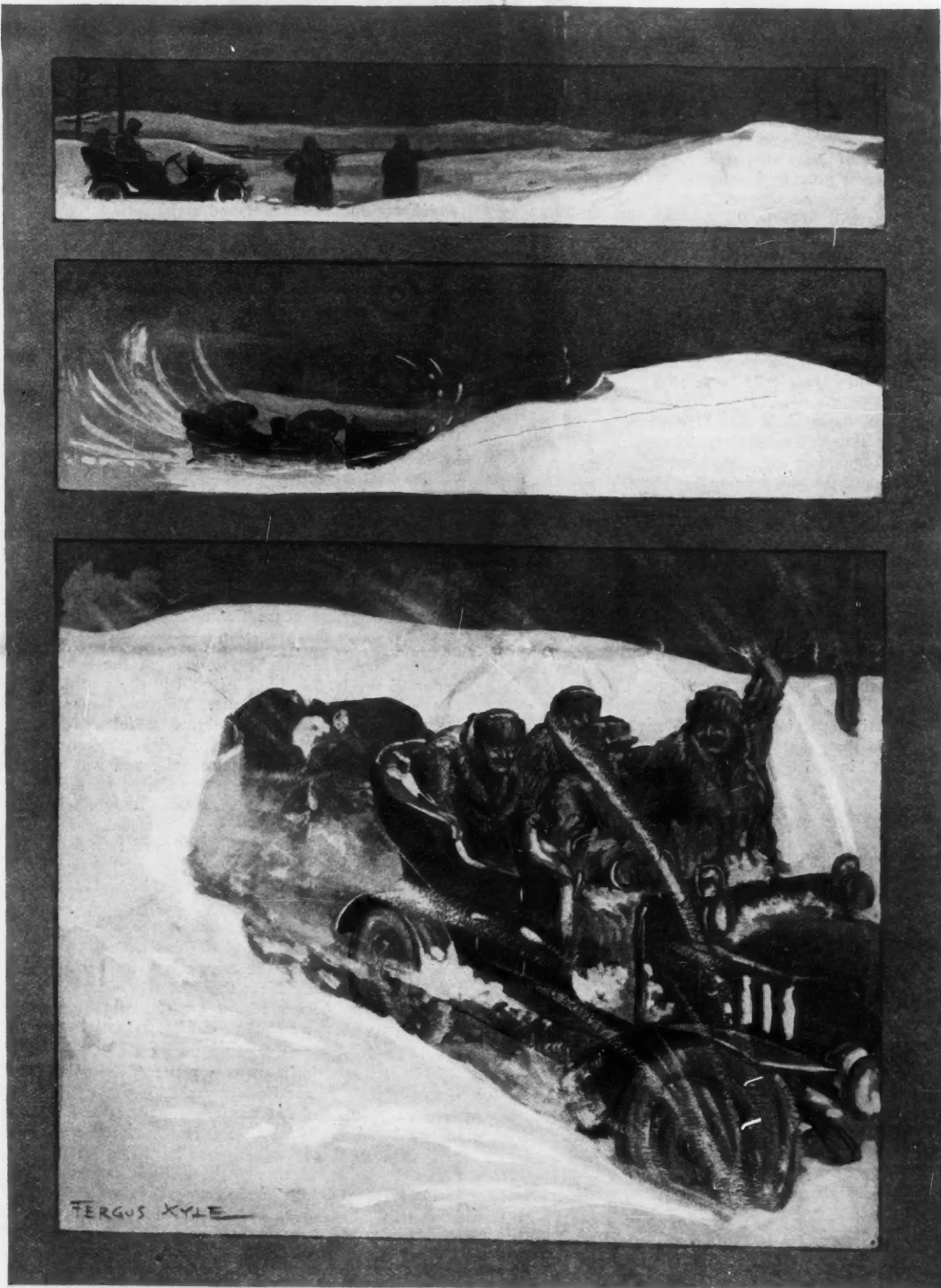
Armand Lavergne may not have in him the makings of a statesman, but I am told that he expressed himself very creditably after he had been disciplined by the Premier and Senator Choquette: "They have marked me for defeat at the polls," he is reported to have said. "Very well; I'd rather be beaten at the polls than brow-beaten at the capital." If these words represent his views there is promise in him. He is a young man, too young to have learned that he is a cipher, too young as yet to warrant him in admitting that he is a nonentity—too full of life and electricity to be content to curl up on any man's door-mat and move only when whistled for. In fact, Armand Lavergne is a little too young as yet to regard docks and post-offices, jobs and appointments as the only things in life. It is not until middle age has been crossed that a politician learns to take kindly to the lash on account of the good feeding that can be earned by docility. In the natural course of events the young member for Montmagny may be alive and filling whatever place in the nation's politics his worth entitles him to, when the party rulers of the present have passed from the scene. Independence is of value to a young man, for he has an investment in the future that may in a term of years be worth a great deal to him.

Sometimes it is hard to believe that a man can be as great as his admirers think him, and as small as his enemies picture him. But a man can be great at one time and small at another time. What man was always great? Sir Wilfrid is not the first leader to crush a private member who dares to call his soul his own. There is an arrogance in power that no man is ever big enough to wholly resist, although one would expect that a Premier in being interviewed concerning a dock in Montmagny, would not use the occasion to introduce party politics and flog a follower. The leader of the Liberal party was not asked to build that dock. The Premier of Canada was petitioned; a roused party leader made reply.

PASSING a bookstore on King street the other evening my attention was caught by a large placard in the window announcing that one could purchase within, a copy of The University Magazine. According to the placard: "The main purpose of the magazine is to express an educated opinion upon questions immediately concerning Canada, and to treat freely in a literary way all matters which have to do with Politics, Industry, Philosophy, Science and Art."

This, then, was that new quarterly of which so much was said at the dinner of the Society of Authors last Saturday evening, when all those who have published a pound or so of printed matter within stiff covers, met together to consider the sad case of those who have not. So entering the place and learning that the buyer of the new quarterly is not asked to produce any proof of intelligence beyond a willingness to expend a quarter for it, I got a copy and bore it home, feeling myself half an author already and a supporter of pure literature. It turned out to be a very excellent quarterly, although wherein it differs from the McGill University Magazine of which it is a continuation, is not readily apparent. Formerly it had one university and some authors behind it; now it is buttressed by several universities and the whole Society of Authors. So far this appears to have affected its circulation only—not its editorship, management or contents. "The" has been substituted for "McGill" in the title, which may or may not convey a compliment to sister institutions. If all are to join equally in this intellectual venture, why not call it The Universities Magazine?

This quarterly is a protest against the periodical literature of the day. It represents a striving for something better. Four times a year, at least, educated opinion will be expressed in print for the benefit of those who have sufficient intelligence to appreciate it. There have been murmurings for some time past in all the seats of learning against the daily press especially, as being unliterary, sensational, unreliable, insincere, partisan. This magazine has none of these defects. But while it proves to be an excellent quarterly, it altogether fails as a protest, for it is not much of a newspaper. It discusses John Knox in the Church of England, but says nothing about the gendarmes in the Church of France. It discusses the legal aspect of Shakespeare's marriage, but quite ignores the troubles arising out of the matrimonial venture of Harry Thaw. It discusses Venice in the age of Titian, but says nothing about Toronto street cars in the age of R. J. Fleming. It gives us A Revelation of the Obvious, but it does nothing to clear up the ghost mystery at Toronto Junction. In short, the subjects



THE WINTER AUTOMOBILE IN CANADA

SHOWING FORTH WITH MORE OR LESS TRUTH HOW INSURMOUNTABLE DIFFICULTIES MAY BE DISPOSED OF BY DETERMINED MEN WITH A GOOD MOTIVE AND ABUNDANT ENERGY.

(Persons up against the Street Railway Agreement, the Power Question, or Railway Routes—please copy.)

will be extremely grateful to him if he can make any kind of headway under present circumstances.

[S] the proposed New Union Station for Toronto the best that could be supplied under present circumstances? The fact that the existing station so early proved a failure, should incline the railways to listen to outside suggestions. There are some faults to be found with the plans just made public. One of these is that when it was proposed to close the foot of Bay street it was represented that that street would have the City Hall at one end and a splendid Union Station at the other. Not if these plans be adopted. When the mayor of the city stands in the noble doorway of the City Hall and looks south he will see not the new Union Station but the west end of the train sheds only. This is not what was pictured to artistic minds a year or two ago, when the site at the foot of Bay street was being expropriated. The view of the proposed new station published in the daily papers is altogether imaginary. Nobody will ever see the station there pictured, because nobody will ever get a front view of it from a greater distance than the width of the road. A more serious objection is that the proposed station is on a plan disapproved the world over. It is on the "through line" instead of the "terminal" plan. It will be on the same plan as the stations at Weston, Oakville, Pickering and Clarendon, and not on the plan of the stations at New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Detroit, other cities in America,

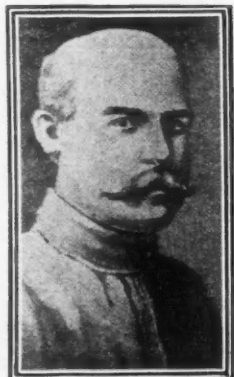
But there is another plan worth considering. Why not build a terminal station south of the tracks? Why not build where Harbor street and Lake street runs, and Harbor square, filling in land alongside the square? The tracks from the East already curve naturally in that direction, and additional filling could be done to make land enough for a terminal station on this site. The York street bridge could remain where it is and bring street cars across, and a bridge a little east of Yonge street could bring electric cars in on that side. All the advantages of a terminal station could be had—simplicity or arrangement, ease in handling arriving and departing crowds. The station would ornament the lake front, boats and trains would meet at the one centre—Toronto would have a Front Door. At first glance one will say that this proposal cannot be considered because it would place the station on the lake side of the tracks and cause all the people to cross the railways—but they would cross on street cars or on foot, high over the tracks, and would enter such a station as any large city should have. The proposed new station will force all but those leaving by the nearest track to cross not over but underneath the tracks. I have consulted an expert who has gone over the ground and pronounces the whole plan feasible even to the curves necessary in moving trains out of a terminal station on the site indicated. Before accepting a "through line" station with its exasperating inconveniences for the next twenty-five years, and then getting just such a station

treated of in this magazine would not interest the daily newspaper; nor could men who place these subjects foremost, be greatly interested in the subjects treated by the daily press.

It should not be difficult for a group of men to produce a carefully edited magazine once in three months, but what success would they have in producing a work of equal size every morning at five o'clock or every afternoon at three? Not only producing it, but doing so on such terms as would make the labor remunerative. Perhaps they will admit that some kind of daily newspaper is a necessity of the age in which—if they will permit me to mention it—they live, the imperfect but not to be ignored present times. If Principal Peterson were managing editor of a daily newspaper, with Dr. McPhail as city editor, and a whole string of learned professors in their service, what kind of a newspaper would they produce, do you suppose? When the Doctor of Philosophy who had been sent to the theatre to sit through a four-act play, found it necessary to turn in his copy thirty minutes after the curtain had gone down; when the eminent scholar placed in charge of the sporting page had reached the Woodbine at four in the morning with a stop watch to catch the speed of the King's Platers, had gone to the island in the forenoon to get a line on some scullers, had kept score at the ball game in the afternoon, and talked to twenty secretaries over the 'phone—what kind of a page would he produce? He wouldn't do these things, you say! Would he not? City Editor McPhail would mighty soon make him do them or walk the plank. The managing editor would swoop down on him and say that three column essays every day on the Roman chariot races would not do, and that he would have to get next to the latest glove fight. A daily newspaper is compelled to be popular or—make room for one that is. In six months a daily newspaper edited wholly by learned professors would, if still published, look and read pretty much like any other successful daily, for a newspaper is never what any one man connected with it would like to make it, but is what a thousand causes operating with terrific speed and much confusion, compel it to be. There is no time to reconsider or do anything in a second and better way. If the news cabled from London is not satisfactory, there is no time to secure fuller particulars—the daily miracle is that the paper gets out at all, and the result is only achieved by men whose every faculty is alert and efficient. No doubt these men could once in three months produce a newspaper free from every fault of the daily.

In short, we need dailies, and we need also a good quarterly. What we do not need is a supercilious attitude of mind on the part of quarterly reviewers towards the daily press, nor is there any call for derisive laughter from the newspaper offices when authors get together and fan themselves. This country needs the best work of both reporters and professors—needs it and gets it, and where one class underrates the other, it is due to a lack of understanding.

SIR ALEXANDER SWETENHAM, Governor of Jamaica, has withdrawn the letter sent by him to Rear-Admiral Davis of the U.S. navy. That is natural and inevitable. With all England in alarm, the Times thundering, smaller papers screaming, the Colonial office cabling, prelates and office-holders in Kingston hurrying into favor at home by crying out against the Governor's action—what remained for him to do but obey instructions from home and formally withdraw the letter. None the less it served its purpose. It was more than a letter, it was a deed. The letter part of it can be recalled; the deed lives, whether you like it or not. It is interesting to know that the views expressed in these columns last week have evoked cordial approval from readers in all directions. "I have," writes one subscriber, "often wished to write a Swettenham letter myself, to those in charge of certain yachts that come blustering and crowing into Muskoka ports, but I lacked the energy to precipitate a scene." Canadians who were in Jamaica at the time are beginning to arrive home, and letters from them are arriving daily. It is a curious fact that while Englishmen seem to be shocked by the Governor's action, Canadians as a rule, approve it. Some regret a few of the references in the letter, and could have wished that it had been entirely formal, but for the most part they seem pleased that the assumed over-lordship of Uncle Sam was not conceded at Kingston, Jamaica. Mr. A. Stuart Ewing of Montreal arrived home last week very hot under the collar, charging that the Governor and British authorities generally in Jamaica were the victims of a campaign of calumny engineered by American news correspondents. The island was full of American tourists, and nearly every man, woman and child of them all was critical of everybody and everything. Nothing suited them—nothing was being done rightly. Then in steamed the American war vessels, and to the wild cheering and shoutings of these tourists, fired salutes, landed men and set up relief and hospital services without the consent and against the express desire of the British authority of the island. The Governor was disregarded by the American Rear-Admiral, and these fussy tourists became his informants and advisers. The people of Jamaica are mostly negroes, and the Governor demonstrated to them that neither the earthquake nor the advent of foreign war vessels had overturned British authority in those parts. Like the man out west "he saw his duty and he done it."



SIR ALEXANDER SWETENHAM, Governor of Jamaica.

IN attempting to legislate at Ottawa to license and regulate the export of power generated on the Canadian side of Niagara Falls, it is proposed that only such power may be exported as is not required in Ontario. But how would this work out? It is said that one of these companies have already spent four million dollars in building transmission lines on the American side, and have not invested a dollar in building lines to peddle power on the Canadian side. There must be some demand in Ontario for this company's product. If a company does not want to find a market here for power that is being readily sold across the border, could the Government devise any scheme by which the companies could be forced to supply small local demands and nurse manufacturing until it reached great proportions? Is it not certain that if the companies once sell, partly here but mostly across the border, all the power they have, the



The Prince of Wales shooting driven partridges at Lord Mount Stephen's seat, Brockton Hall.

Lord Mount Stephen, the Canadian peer, who is standing in the foreground, has recently entertained the Prince of Wales at Brockton Hall, Heris, where he enjoyed some excellent sport with driven partridges. As is generally known, the Prince is an excellent shot, and is particularly good with driven birds. —The Bystander.

incentive to work up a great Canadian industrial activity by means of Niagara power will vanish.

Canadian power should be used only in Canada, because if the power does not go to the industries, the industries will come to the power. MACK.

Mutilated Maxims.

By JAMES P. HAVERSON.

IF the Devil quotes scripture to drive home a point, And they say that he does it at times, Then I hope that the rages of hoary old sages Will kindly pass over these rhymes.

Long ago, it was held that Dan Cupid was blind— At the time it appeared to be right; But with gunning for cash, though unseemly and rash, He's immensely improving his sight.

That the fool and his wad are soon parted they say. It would seem that the maxim is true; So the beautiful shore, where we part nevermore, Is about the best place he can go.

It has often been said that the stillest of tongues Is found in the wisest of heads; From which we deduce that the living are loose, While the wisest of all are the dead.

That a stitch put in Time is the savior of nine, Is a tip that has often been tipped— But what kind of thread, be it yellow or red, Is the best to be used when Time's ripped?

All our chickens come home to their roosts we are told, But we still must believe that a few, It is possible, might have remained overnight. Unavoidably kept in a stew.

That a treatment of absence makes fonder the heart Is a proverb we've heard all our lives— Then just think of the wealth and robustness of health Of the love that some men bear their wives.

Just a word to the wise is enough they avow, As they did when we all went to school; But there's never a word of the number of words That one ought to expend on a fool.

The sages affirm every dog has his day, While we know every cat has its night; And we grant, though we're loath, a vast number of both To Her Highness, the Cook, as a right.

That the briefer, the better the wit you have heard, And it may be that saying is true, But I think it a bluff, a mere morsel of guff— For the more is the merrier, too. Toronto, Jan., '07.

Newfoundland Stories.

"Tavern yarns," as the stories of the Newfoundland captains are called by one of their recorders, are sometimes pretty tall timber. Here are a couple of specimens told over the pipes and grog.

"My word for it, but it was the coldest voyage ever I made. We was on short commons, and our water was getting so low that I had ordered the last cask locked up and served it out with me own hands. Two nights before we reached port it froze guns, and after four o'clock in the morning, being my watch below, I turned in cold enough, just taking the precaution to put a small tot of spirits in me to liven up the temperature. I couldn't have been very long asleep when I woke up with a start, and heard pistol shots near me, followed by the noise of the bullets striking the roof of the cabin. I was afraid to stir thinking I might be hit, but as the noise ceased after a time I had the courage to strike a light and look about, but I could see nothing, and at length concluded that it must have been some noise on the deck, so I turned in and went to sleep again. In the morning, when I was called, and commenced to dress, I found every sparrow-bill drawn out of my boots, and looking up saw them stuck in the top of the cabin roof. Gentlemen the frost had been so great that it had actually drawn them all out and it was the noise of them coming out of the boots that sounded like pistol shots, and their striking the top of the cabin was like the noise of pistol balls,—and that was hard frost I tell you."

Another story is related as follows: "Gentlemen, I had a singular experience last year when coming out from Bideford. I always have a good supply of dips (tallow candles which used to be tied in bunches by the wicks, which were left long for the purpose) on board, and to keep them from being stolen, they were hung on nails overhead in the cabin. For some time I had missed

a bunch now and again, and after a time I raised "cain" with the crew, who I suspected had stolen them. I was certain that the cook wasn't the thief, as he called my attention to the place where had hung the last bunch which had disappeared. The mate suggested that it must be rats, and although I scouted the idea, I was determined to watch and see whether he was correct. It was my watch below at midnight and I turned in, leaving a fresh dip burning. I was so long waiting for something to happen that I must have been just dozing when a squeak attracted my attention, and without moving I cast my eyes along the floor and there sure enough was a rat sitting up just underneath a bunch of dips, as it was quite smooth, and we were going along quietly on an even keel, with a light air of wind abaft the beam. Presently out came a dozen rats and they made a pyramid by standing on one another's shoulders like, until the last rat reached the candles when he cut the string and down dropped rats and candles on the floor. Each rat tugged off a candle until there was only one rat left and he had none. Before you could say Jack Robinson, gentlemen, that rat had the lighted candle out of the sconce, and was away with it."

Is Winnipeg a Thirsty Town?

WINNIPEG may be, as some unkindly people declare, a thirsty city, but none can deny that it is hospitable. Some have gone so far as to say that this warmth of welcome may be carried to excess—but these envious ones are not Scotchmen nor Bonspiels.

The Bonspiel, which brings the clans into Winnipeg for a fortnight every winter, is an institution in the West. Any business man who has once yielded to the lure of the stane and the besom is henceforth useless to his employer during the breathless two weeks, when eight hundred curlers take possession of the city. Burly figures in Scotch cap and red sash parade the streets, and the air is filled with "Hoot mon's" and "Hoo's a' wi' ye the night?" All the shop windows are elaborately dressed and decked out in tartans and heather, so to speak, and in one jeweler's window (it's a proud man he is this fortnight) there is set up, for all the ruck to gaze at, the trophy and trophies, the medals and prizes, which are for the skilful and steadfast on the tee.

But, were the bars to close at the usual curfew hour of 11 p.m. what chance had any Scotchman of warming the cockles of his heart after the roarin' game was done—what mortal indeed—let alone one of Scotia's sons—could play the day and night long in No. 1 hard weather without a nip before bedtime?

Laws? Laws are not made by Medes and Persians nowadays. They are made for Scotchmen. If prayers are considered by the Local House unseasonable and a luxury, so the closed bar, at certain festive seasons of the year—such as Bonspiel and Christmas, may likewise be deemed a relic of past ages, an unheard of cramping of the liberty of the subject.

So the hint is given, and so goes the curler gayly forth into the length and breadth of the hospitable city, in the lides of the Bonspiel, from which we in the West count our seasons—sure that no doors will be unkindly closed in his face, thanks to the spirit of Winnipeg hospitality and the excellent appreciation thereof of the members of the License Commission. R.

News has just reached London of the death of the finder of the largest lump of gold in the world, Richard Oats of Woodstock, Australia. With a companion, John Deason, he discovered the celebrated "Welcome Stranger" nugget at Mohagul, Victoria, on February 5, 1869. It contained 2,516 ounces of pure gold, and was valued at £9,582. This gigantic nugget was found on the extreme margin of the patch of auriferous alluvium within two feet of the bedrock (sandstone). It rested upon stiff red clay, and was barely covered with earth; in fact, it was in the rut made by the puddler's cart. It measured twenty-one inches in length and ten inches in thickness. The lucky finders conveyed it to their hut and heated it on the fire, in order to get rid of the adherent quartz. They also detached and gave to their friends a number of pieces of gold before the nugget got into the hands of the bank managers. Near the spot where the "Welcome Stranger" was discovered two nuggets of 114 ounces and 36 ounces were unearthed soon afterwards.

The construction company building the plant of the Georgian Bay Power Company at Eugenia Falls is making slow progress. The tunnel through the mountain will be 869 feet long, of which 150 feet have to be excavated yet. Most of this is rock, and so hard that only two feet a day can be bored, though the work is carried on night and day. The mouth of the tunnel is now faced up with limestone. Ten miles east of the village the company will build a big dam to store water for summer use.

The Maritime Provinces are devising means to hold a proportion of the immigrants who land in Canada. The eastern press is pointing out that there is awaiting development in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia plenty of good and cheap land, on which those who have lived in hilly and well-watered countries would feel more at home than on the western plains. There is a movement on foot to induce Scottish agriculturists to take up farming land in New Brunswick.

The other day a number of well-known United States public men were discussing the characteristics of certain of the Republic's leading politicians. Someone began to draw comparisons between ex-President Cleveland and President Roosevelt. "Well," said Mr. Joseph H. Choate, who was present, "it strikes me that the difference between them is this: Mr. Cleveland is too lazy to hunt, and Mr. Roosevelt too restless to fish."

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79 King Street West, Toronto

There's Something More

than a mere satisfying of the appetite, to be derived from a meal at

The St. Charles Dutch Grill.....

70 YONGE STREET

If you appreciate dainty appointments, the best of service, and more than ordinary good cooking, you will appreciate this unique restaurant.

DUTCH CLOCKS

Those in our collection are the best made and best finished in the city. On comparison you will find their superiority very marked. In price, too, they are reasonable. We can give you a real handsome one for \$30. All we sell are guaranteed, and will be kept in good time-keeping order for one year, free of charge. There is quality in anything purchased from us.

WANLESS & Co.

ESTABLISHED 1840.

168 Yonge Street - - - TORONTO

Fresh, Fragrant Flowers

If you are in need of flowers write us and we will advise you. We have the choicest of Roses, Violets, Orchids, Lily-of-the-Valley and other seasonable varieties.

Send for our price-list, we guarantee the delivery

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HOCKEY SKATES and SUPPLIES

ANKLE SUPPORTS SHIN PADS HOCKEY BOOTS
GAUNTLETS, Etc.

We carry a full stock of

Moccasins, Toboggans and Snowshoes.

RICE LEWIS & SON
LIMITED

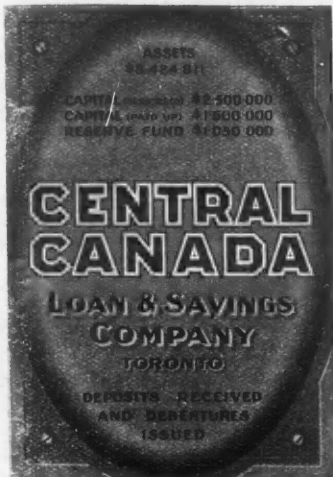
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INVESTMENTS.

Reports on Securities
furnished on application.
Bonds and Stock bought
and sold on Commission.

A. E. Ames & Co.

LIMITED
7-9 King St. E. TORONTO



WYATT & CO.

(Members Toronto Stock Exchange)
BUY AND SELL
Stocks, Bonds and Coalbit Shares
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Telephones Main 7342 and 7343.
Correspondence Solicited.

Savings
Deposits

of one dollar and upwards
received. Interest allowed.

THE
METROPOLITAN
BANK

Capital paid up - - \$1,000,000
Reserve fund - - \$1,000,000

A Bonus of \$75

(per \$1,000 assured), was added to life and endowment policies for the five years ending 31st December, 1904, and it is noteworthy that this rate of Bonus has been maintained unbroken for the long period of 40 years.

For particulars of a Life Insurance Policy, apply to the
Royal Insurance Company
(OF LIVERPOOL)
Toronto Office, 27-29 Wellington St. East
Main 6000. TORONTO

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is the most desirable Executor, Administrator, Guardian or Trustee:
It is perpetual and responsible,
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Company of Canada
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1854 THE HOME BANK OF CANADA 1906

To Retail Merchants

The Home Bank has published a copyrighted book, "The Retail Merchant's Record," which will be given free on application at any branch. It affords a handy method of keeping track of the growth of a retail business. Good for one year, starting at any day.

Ask for it at any branch or drop a post card to the

HEAD OFFICE and TORONTO BRANCH
8 King Street West
JAMES MASON, General Manager

DECLARATION OF DIVIDEND

BRITISH COLUMBIA PACKERS' ASSOCIATION.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of 8 1/2 per cent. has been declared on the Preferred Stock of the above Association, covering the period 20th November, 1904, to 20th May, 1905, payable 31st January next, and that the transfer books of the Association will be closed from the 21st to 31st January, 1907, both days inclusive.

Dated at Toronto, the 18th day of January, 1907.
AMILUS JARVIS,
Vice-President,
McKinnon Building,
Toronto.

THE INVESTOR

TORONTO

MONTREAL



MR. D. R. WILKIE, Toronto.

MONTREAL, Jan. 31.
CANADIANS who have had a leaning toward investments in South and Central America and the West Indies awoke with a jolt when the news was flashed over the cables that Kingston had been destroyed. The interest of Canadians, and Montreals particularly in Jamaica, lies in the fact that West India Electric Company, of which James Hutchison of this city is president, and which operates an electric railway system in Kingston, is owned chiefly in this city. Mr. Hutchison speaks hopefully of the small amount of damage, comparatively speaking, that the company's plant sustained. But this is only a portion of the tale, for if the city has been practically destroyed, and if it is unlikely that it will be rebuilt again on the same site, where will the West India Electric Company come in? On previous occasions we have in these columns referred to what we considered the foolish tendency of Canadians to invest their funds in such out-of-the-way places when they had every opportunity of doing fully as well at home and not taking any chances with revolutions, rebellions and earthquakes. In capital stock and bonds there is something like \$1,400,000 of good Canadian money tied up in the West India Electric Company. Much of this was invested by those in moderate circumstances, and now it is a question of how big the loss will be. Mr. Fred. Wanklyn and others of the Dominion Coal crowd were at one time deeply interested in West India Electric, and managed the company's affairs. Later on there was a row and Wanklyn and his friends were crowded out, or dropped out; anyhow, they got out, and now they are congratulating themselves upon being so fortunate. Investments in the earthquake belt may be all right, and again they may not. In any event, one is taking a long chance when dallying with such things.

Sir Charles Ross, proprietor of the Ross Rifle Factory at Quebec, has been libeled, so he claims, by a local paper there, and has taken out an action for \$10,000 damages. He may get it or he may not. But one thing can be depended upon, Ross will fight. He is built that way. Over in the Highlands of Scotland Sir Charles Ross owns many square miles of land, a total of 324,000 acres. He is the largest landowner in his country; and way up in the Scottish hills he has a castle where he is looked upon not as lord and master, but as the real king of his clan. Deft with his hands and with a brain for mechanics, Ross began in his early youth to make things. In this grim old castle, built centuries ago by his forefathers, young Ross, when eleven years of age, had a workshop, and here it was that he evolved the idea which was later set forth in the Ross rifle with which the Canadian militia is now being armed. Ross first came to Canada some ten years ago. He came here primarily to hunt, but the British Columbia mining fever was then on, and of course Ross took a hand. He invested here and there. Some turned out well, some badly, and others not at all. In any event, his mining experience probably cost him a considerable sum. Later on he became interested in power companies and other western enterprises with Mr. C. R. Hosmer, and these, thanks probably to Mr. Hosmer, turned out more profitable. Back in those days Sir Charles Ross always carried about with him a rifle which he had himself made, and which was the foundation of the present arm. Evince an interest in such things and pop out of the case would come that rifle to be handled tenderly and patted lovingly as one might fondle a favorite child. Later on Sir Charles married a Southern lady and went back to Europe to return again to perfect his plans for the formation of his million dollar company and the manufacture of the rifle for the Canadian Government. A man of democratic spirit is Ross; better suited to this continent than to the old world, the home of his ancestors. The pomp, ceremony and parade of a European capital would never do for Ross as steady diet. Big and brawny; moving swiftly, speaking curtly, Sir Charles loves a mining camp, but not a drawing-room. Like his rifle, Ross was made for the big out-of-doors.

With the passing of the old St. Lawrence Hall into the hands of the C.P.R., Canada will lose one of its landmarks, for it is only a matter of a short time when the hostelry will be razed to the ground. No place now standing in Canada has sheltered so many distinguished men. For the better part of a century it was Montreal's first hotel, and its list of guests include many who have made their scratches on history's pages. There was Jeff Davis for one, and the man who more than any other contributed to the fall of Davis' cause, General Grant. Back some thirty-five years ago Sir Carmel Wolseley was dined at the Hall, and a guest at the banquet board that evening was Lord Dufferin. Grand Duke Alexis, that Russian Giant with whom Buffalo Bill shot wild game in the Far West, was another guest. Henry Clay, one of the greatest orators this continent ever saw, spent a season at the Hall. And so the list goes covering the field of statesmen, soldiers, jurists and royalty.

TORONTO, Feb. 1.

CONFIDENCE is less assertive, and the aggressiveness which has been so prominent in monetary circles for so long a time seems to be giving way. Distrust is extending, and unless it is checked very soon, results will be anything but beneficial. The agitation against corporations, which the latter have in a great measure evoked, is having a restraining influence upon capital. The distrust engendered at home and abroad by present investigations by Government authority, are all encouraging a lower range of values. The bond market is glutted, and offerings in many cases have been

withdrawn owing to the stringency in money. There is practically no speculation in stocks, although one would imagine that prices have got down to a basis where safety is pretty well assured, and where chances for a reasonable profit were fairly good. But no, the inclination seems to be to realize, and as a stock advances there are plenty of sellers. There appears to be an immense quantity of securities of all classes and descriptions held by Canadian banks, trust and loan companies. Many of these are foreign securities, Mexican, Cuban, South American, as well as United States issues, which, somehow, have been foisted upon ambitious Canadians. We hear a great deal about loyalty and patriotism in business, but here in this British city there is little money for Canadian enterprises, while our capitalists and monied institutions readily accept the obligations of private companies of some petty foreign state. The increase in the holdings of speculative and other securities by Canadian banks the past ten years almost staggers one. The loans made to brokers on this class of collateral on December 31, 1897, amounted to only \$19,859,800, but now they aggregate \$116,460,903. The increase was rapid from 1897 and 1902, when at the end of the latter year these loans on collateral amounted to \$95,089,940. In 1903 there was a decrease to \$74,021,000, when these loans were called freely, and prices trebled, but in the past three years they have risen over \$42,400,000, amounting on December 31 last, to \$116,460,903. It is little wonder that money is tight, especially when in conjunction with this fact we note that discounts to our merchants have increased over 275 per cent. during the decade. A few call loans on securities were made in Toronto this week at 6 1-2 per cent., the highest rate in years.

The decline in Canadian Pacific stock of over \$20 per share from the high record price of December, has brought disaster to a good many people. Heavy losses were sustained by international banking houses, and some of our local talent got whip-sawed in the movements. A small group of speculators here became bearish on the stock just before the rapid advance from 180 to 201 took place. They wished to make a turn on the bear side, and made commitments for a downward whirl at from 180 to 182, but the stock rushed upwards, and these people lost their nerve. They allowed their stock to be bought in away up at 190 to 195, which meant a heavy loss. When the stock was up on its way to 200, the same people became convinced that it would reach 225, as predicted by Levy. They bought, the stock dropped, and only stopped at 179 1/2. Another heavy loss was sustained. The gross earnings of the company for three weeks in January show decreases, which were due to the interruption of traffic by snowstorms. Comparisons in earnings of course are made with last winter, which was an unprecedented one for railways, there being little or no snow to cope with. The net earnings of C.P.R. for the month of December were \$2,265,594, a decrease of \$80,989. For six months ended December 31, net earnings were \$14,585,867, which was an increase of \$2,398,468, as compared with the corresponding six months of 1905.

Loan companies have participated in the general prosperity that has prevailed in Canada. The Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation for the twelve months ended December 31 last was, from a shareholder's standpoint, the best in years. The comparatively high rates obtainable for money, and the activity in real estate were the factors leading up to such good results. The net earnings of this company for the year amounted to \$634,048 on a capital of \$6,000,000, or a trifle over 10 per cent. Dividends were paid at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, which took \$360,000, and \$250,000 were added to the reserve fund, which now amounts to \$2,450,000 equivalent to over 40 per cent. of the paid-up capital stock. The balance carried forward at credit of profit and loss account is \$58,756. The total assets of the Canada Permanent are \$26,206,857, which include \$23,051,182 in mortgages on real estate and \$1,704,267 in advances on bonds and stocks. Cash on hand and in banks amount to \$596,687. The annual general meeting of shareholders of the corporation will be held in this city on the 5th inst.

The thirty-sixth annual meeting of the Dominion Bank was held in Toronto on Wednesday, and the annual report made an excellent showing. The shareholders unanimously decided to make application to the Treasury Board for permission to increase the authorized capital from \$4,000,000 to \$5,000,000. The net earnings for the past year were \$539,360.36, or about 18 per cent. on the capital stock, and of this 12 per cent. was paid to shareholders. It was announced by the directors that the \$1,000,000 new stock already authorized would be issued to the shareholders at \$210 and not at \$230 as was anticipated. To the already strong board of directors the names of Mr. James Carruthers of Montreal and Mr. A. M. Nanton of Winnipeg were added.

During the past month some radical declines in the prices of United States securities have taken place. Declining And it is a fact that neither the extensive liquidation that has taken place nor the heavy fall in prices, has produced any assurance in financial circles that the market has reached a really staple condition. Evidences of an investment demand are still remarkably meagre. The buying power appears to be limited almost exclusively to the perfunctory support rendered by speculative interests, which are largely committed to the short side. A condition of tech-

HON. WM. GIBSON, President. J. TURNBULL, Vice-Pres. and General Manager.

BANK OF HAMILTON

Head Office, Hamilton, Ont.

Capital Paid-Up - - \$2,500,000
Reserve Fund - - - 2,500,000
Total Assets - - - 32,500,000

Savings Bank Department
at all offices. Interest allowed on deposits of one dollar and upwards at highest current rates, compounded half-yearly. Money may be withdrawn without delay.

We receive Accounts of
Corporations, Firms and Individuals on favorable terms and shall be pleased to meet or correspond with those who contemplate making changes or opening new accounts.

97 BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA

BRANCHES IN THE CITY OF TORONTO

34 Yonge Street

Opp. Queen and Spadina

Cor. Yonge and Gould

Cor. College and Ossington

Toronto Junction

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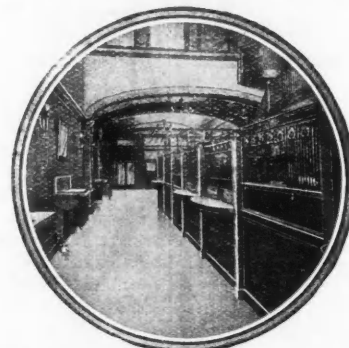
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QUARTERLY.

OFFICES IN TORONTO:

37 King St. East and corner of Broadview and Gerrard

The Crown Bank of Canada



Commercial Banking Room, 34 King Street West, Toronto

The Business of

The Mutual Life OF CANADA

For 1906 shows substantial increases over the previous year, as may be seen from the following figures:—

Items	1905	1906	Gains over 1905
Assets	\$ 9,296,092	\$10,385,539	\$ 1,089,447
Income	1,956,518	2,072,423	115,905
*Surplus	952,001	1,203,378	249,377
+Insurance in force.	44,197,954	46,912,407	2,712,453
Expense ratio to Income	17.8	26.34	1.46

*Company's Standard. +All Canadian Business.

"It's the Quality that Tells."



SEE OUR NOVELTIES
FOR ST. VALENTINE'S
DAY. ICES, ETC.

Coles'
719 YONGE STREET

Bank of Hamilton

Dividend Notice

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of 2 1/2 per cent. on the capital stock of the Bank, being at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum for the quarter ending 28th February, has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its branches on 1st March next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from 21st to 28th February, both inclusive.
By order of the Board.
J. TURNBULL,
General Manager,
Hamilton, 11st January, 1907.

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

Capital Paid-Up \$4,515,000.00
Rest - - - \$4,515,000.00

Branches in Toronto:

HEAD OFFICE, WELLINGTON STREET
AND LEADER LANE
YONGE AND QUEEN STREETS
YONGE AND BLOOR STREETS
KING AND YORK STREETS
WEST MARKET AND FRONT STREETS
KING STREET AND SPADINA AVENUE

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

Interest allowed on deposits.

AGENTS WANTED Guardian Assurance Co. LIMITED

Funds: Thirty Million Dollars
Apply Manager, Montreal

Shortbread
and Fancy
Cakes for
Receptions

Gole's

719 Yonge Street

White China

DISCOUNT SALE

A large shipment of White China arrived late for Xmas trade, which we are offering at a Discount of 10 per cent.

We carry the largest and most complete assortment in Canada. An exceptional opportunity for China Artists.

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George W. Ferrier Prescription Specialist, 233 COLLEGE STREET TORONTO.



The Harry Webb Co., Limited Caterers

for Weddings, Banquets, Receptions and other entertainments in town or country.

Wedding Cakes

shipped to all parts of the Dominion.

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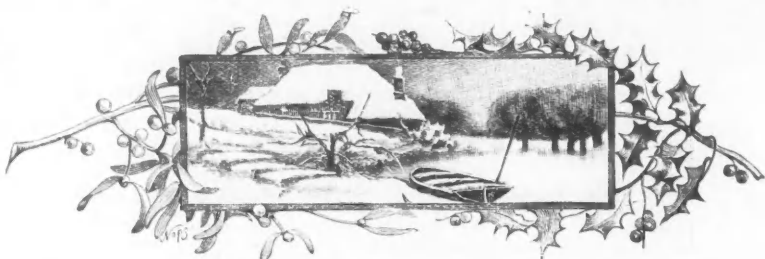
Phone—Main 1510.

nical weakness like this can have but one explanation; that is that outside capital has had such repeated shocks from one cause or another during the last twelve months that it has become skeptical, and to some extent timid. What these unfavorable causes have been is now pretty well understood. They include the recent very unpleasant experiences in the money market, the extravagant performances of railway directors in voting increased dividends, the sentiment against corporations fostered by the highest authorities in nation and state, and, lastly, that peculiar necessity brought about by the vast business expansion, or railroad and industrial companies having to raise huge sums through new security issues at a most inauspicious time.

The Northern Navigation Company had a successful year in spite of drawbacks and the loss of a steamer. The gross earnings of steamers last season were \$606,950, which were 33 per cent. greater than for 1905, and the net earnings \$135,073, or over 16 per cent. on a paid-up capital of \$840,000. Stockholders were paid 6 per cent. with a bonus of 1½ per cent. The balance carried forward is \$42,099. Owing to the increased business and long season a bonus of \$3,728 was given to the officers of the steamers and office staffs. The following accounts were

opened: "Steamer renewal fund, \$25,000; repair and maintenance, \$13,000; and marine insurance fund, \$7,000." It is proposed to run next season a freight steamer from Midland, Collingwood and Owen Sound, to the head of Lake Superior. Negotiations are now in progress to add two new steamers to the fleet, so that the increased business accruing from the operation of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway may be looked after.

A supplement to the Pacific Underwriter, giving a summary of the amounts of the fire losses paid in California during 1906, shows the striking feature that the losses paid by foreign companies exceed those of the United States companies, though the amounts of insurance in force and of premiums were less. Particularly interesting in this connection is the proposed bill before Congress levying a tax of 5 per cent. on the gross United States premiums of foreign insurance companies, to be paid into the United States treasury. Not merely San Francisco's business, but many and varied interests all America over, would have suffered an irremediable blow but for the insurance indemnity afforded by British and foreign companies. The history of American fire insurance with the British companies left out would be a vastly different record than that which the years show.



Social and Personal

THAT a postponement does not always mean an injury to any project affected, was very evident last Saturday, when the party arranged to start for the new Clifton Hotel, on a weekend visit, foregathered at the Union Station.

The week's additional consideration had caused the idea to take strong hold and the committee was obliged to close the lists on Wednesday, owing to so many applications being sent in. Three young men should be credited with much of this success, Mr. Fred Hammond, the secretary, Mr. Edward Houston and Mr. Charles Cambie, for they were each devoted to the party and did very much to ensure the happiness of all. The special was soon filled with the smart company, and a very jolly little run landed it at the Niagara Falls station where cars were waiting and sleighs soon lined up to convey the guests to the hotel. Some of the party were familiar with the Phoenix which has risen from the ashes of the historic Clifton House, but to many it was a decided eye-opener. It is pleasant to know that at last we have, on the Canadian shore, the most delightful inn at the great cataract. The new Clifton is built on the same plan as the Royal Muskoka, a rotunda and two great wings. It is difficult to give an idea of its charming precincts and service in cold type. The eye, the palate, and the rest of the sense servers are gratified from start to finish. It is pretty indeed to see the rotunda at tea-time, the blazing fires, the dainty five-o'clock table, the groups of men and women, cosily ensconced in great roomy sofas, luxurious chairs, or standing about, cup in hand, planning an outing or telling of the last one. There was a capital dinner and a dance on Saturday evening, the Toronto party, a gay group from St. Kitt's, a few Buffalonians and some of the resident guests making the place very bright and lovely. The Empire ball-room is a gem, and may be used for theatricals, as a little stage and tiring-rooms are part of its equipment. It is all in white enamel and crimson flock panels, the latter simulating velvet and satin brocade. The floor is superb, and a long glassed-in verandah, quite tropical with palm and rattan furniture, runs along one entire side. The Torontonians dined and danced, and about twelve o'clock, some bright soul started a midnight drive in the snow and moonlight. Sleighs were waiting and several groups enjoyed the novel experience, special permission being given from the United States Chief of Police for the drive to include Goat Island, which was simply ravishing in the clear moonlight. Sunday was a fine day, and everyone was out and about, although some lingered in the chintz drawing-room upstairs, enjoying the finest possible view of the Falls from its many windows, before going out to church. The special brought the party home about half past eleven, and there is but one voice about the outing, which should be repeated for many unable to take it last week. The whole arrangements and accommodation are beyond criticism, and Canadians may be very proud of their hostelry at the Falls. Among those who went over last week were Mr. and Mrs. Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Pepler, Mr. and Mrs. Murray Alexander, the Messrs. Snively, Miss Wright, Major and Mrs. Gooderham, of Deaneville, and a party of twelve; Mr. and Mrs. Britton Francis and Miss Lola Powell, of Ottawa; Mr. and Mrs. Mulock Boulton, Miss Bullen, Miss R. and Mr. A. Boulton, Mr. Morris, Mr. Darling, Mr. Kelly Evans, Mr. Mickle Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hay, the Misses Kerr, of Rathnally; Mrs. Nordheimer, of Glenelgh; the Misses Nordheimer, Mr. Albert and the Misses Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra Mulock and Miss Ruby Ramsay, the Misses Warren, of Closeburn; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick, Mr. Wynder Strath, Mr. W. Brouse, Mrs. and Miss Brouse, Miss Marjorie Brouse, Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Bogert, Messrs. C. and B. Bogert, Mr. Band, Mr. Harman, Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Heward, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Plumb, Mr. Coulson and Miss Begg, Colonel Stinson, Mr. Harry McMillan, Mr. Britton Osler, Mr. H. Small, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hills, Mr. C. Ross, Mr. C. Pepler, Mr. Gordon Jones, Dr. Bredney O'Reilly, Mr. Victor Law, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Gooderham, Colonel and Mrs. Maclean and Miss Slade, Mrs. Rene Gamble, Mr. and Mrs. Gwyn Francis, Miss Taylor, of Kingston, Miss Houston, of Niagara. The St. Catharines party included Mrs. E. H. Duggan and Mr. Wilfred Duggan, Mrs. Duncan, nee Palmer; and several others equally well-known here. Everyone looked particularly nice, some of the gowns being of exquisite white lace, and all seemingly having been selected to do honor to the little jollification. Supper was served at twelve, in the dining-room, at tables bright with jonquils. Mr. and Mrs. Major, whose regime at the Chateau Frontenac assures their success at the Clifton, were kindest of host and hostess, and are personal friends of many of the guests. Mrs. Major was Miss Grant of Ottawa, a daughter of Sir James and Lady Grant.

At Miss Dora Rowand's recital this evening Mrs. LeGrand Reed will sing several times, and as this is her first professional engagement in Toronto, since her debut, there is an added interest in her appearance. Mrs. Reed has been singing in Ottawa, Kingston, Hamilton, Berlin, Galt and St. Thomas, with the Pittsburgh Orchestra, under Emil Paur, for the last fortnight. The ardent music lovers in Berlin gave her a tremendous ovation and they know what's what in that locality. Mrs. Reed returns to Toronto to-day.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Beatty and their three little ones have been at the Clifton Hotel and returned to Toronto this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Harris paid a flying visit to Toronto last week. It was the "anniversary" of the "ladye faire," and their young daughter, who is at Havergeral, spent it joyously with her parents. Mrs. Harris was looking lovely, and her friends were glad to have a peep at her.

The very interesting assemblage of old pupils of Mrs. Nixon, which took place at McConkey's on Monday afternoon, was an event which will never be forgotten by those present. The reunion has been quietly talked of for many weeks, and took hold of those concerned in a manner which conclusively proved their deep regard and esteem for the noble woman who has done so much for her sex in Toronto and many other parts of Canada. "Old girls," came by train, letters from other old girls and telegrams from all parts of Canada were added to the wave of loving appreciation which carried away the enthusiastic party. There were grandmothers who told tales of school discipline and school pranks, and people said to one another, "I know you—who were you?" and exchange of "married names" followed, and if the lady had been adamant and coyly confessed to the same old cognomen, she did not seem to envy the portly matron who had seen her children's children about her knees. There was an honor roll on a little desk in the Turkish room, which every "old girl" must sign, and there was a teatable in the Rose room at which every old girl looked and recognized the significance of the mammoth basket of eighty pink roses, and the delightful birthday cake, castellated in two bristling walls of pink calla lily blooms, whose centres were twinkling white tapers! The lilies bloomed all over the cake, in which the cherished guest of honor was to insert the knife, and eighty bright candles told the tale of four score full and worthy years. Mrs. Nixon was born Macartney, the daughter of an Irish officer in the County Clare, and came to Canada, with her mother, brothers and sisters, fifty-six years ago, to begin a career of honorable effort, which has been so fruitful and so charmingly acknowledged by scores of prominent women this week. Mrs. Nixon arrived about half past five, when she was soon surrounded by her principal friends, a few outsiders having been bidden by the "old girls," including Mrs. Mortimer Clark, Mrs. Thomas Moss and Mrs. Stephen Heward. Mrs. Walter S. Lee made an impromptu speech, introducing Miss Carty, who read Mrs. Edgar Jarvis' poem on the reunion, and Mrs. W. H. B. Aikins read an address, informing Mrs. Nixon of the dedication of the Mary Jane Nixon Cot in the Infants' Home, St. Mary street, as a perpetual tribute to her, in an institution she is particularly fond of. The beaming smile which irradiated Mrs. Nixon's face at this news was the best endorsement of the act one could imagine. The dear old lady, stately and dignified always, was unfeignedly pleased and gratified. After the address, she made a delightful little speech of thanks, and her Irish wit brightened many a well-turned sentence. Looking round the circle which gathered six deep about her she remarked that she had often been glad, when instructing and developing them, that she had such good material to work with. Mrs. W. H. Beatty, Mrs. Morgan Cosby, Mrs. Alfred Hoskin, who is the senior pupil, as far as the date of attendance goes; Mrs. W. S. Lee, Mrs. W. H. Kerr, Mrs. Royce, of Toronto Junction; Mrs. Charles Bell, were some of the elder pupils in "Miss Macartney's" time, their children in some instances attending Mrs. Nixon's school. Refreshments were very elegantly served, ices and cakes following the color tone of pink set by the decorations. Mrs. Nixon wore a bouquet on her corsage sent by Mrs. Alfred Gooderham, of Maplecroft, one of her first and best friends in Canada (three of whose daughters, Mrs. Cecil Lee, Mrs. J. G. Macdonald, and Miss Lulu Gooderham, were "old girls" at Monday's tea) and also carried a bunch of Beauty roses, a remembrance sent by an "old girl."

The Mendelssohn Choir concerts next Monday, Tuesday and Saturday evenings are the much anticipated musical treat of the week.

A NEW YEAR

BEGIN IT BY

SYSTEMATICALLY SAVING

CANADA PERMANENT MORTGAGE CORPORATION

TORONTO STREET, TORONTO

A Dollar or More at a time may be deposited with us, and we will add interest twice a year at THREE AND ONE-HALF PER CENT. PER ANNUM. One dollar will open an account. Deposits may be made and withdrawn by mail.

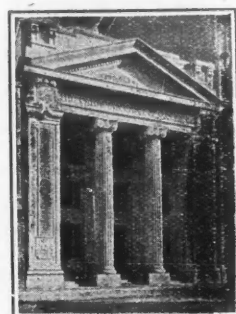
THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

B. E. WALKER, President; ALEX. LAIRD, General Manager;
A. H. IRELAND, Supt. of Branches.

Paid-up Capital - - - - - \$10,000,000
Rest - - - - - 5,000,000
Total Assets - - - - - 113,000,000

YONGE AND QUEEN BRANCH



The new office of the Bank, at Nos. 197-9 Yonge street, a few doors above Queen street, is situated in the heart of the retail shopping district, adjacent to the large departmental stores, and offers special facilities to women who shop at these stores for both housekeeping and savings accounts. Every convenience, including a women's writing-room, has been provided for customers.

R. CASSELS, Manager.

BRANCHES IN THE CITY OF TORONTO

Main Office, 21-25 King street west. 197-9 Yonge street, near Queen.
Corner Bloor and Yonge streets. Corner Queen and Bathurst streets.
Queen East, corner Grant street. Corner College St. and Spadina Ave.
Market, 163 King street east. Corner Yonge and College streets.
Parliament street, corner Carlton st. Parkdale, 1331 Queen street west.

Le Succes de la Maison

Quality of Success

The choicest hair of France is bought by our agents for our famous

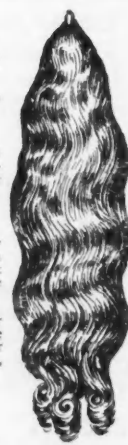
Wavy and Straight Hair Switches

In our stock will be found the silkiest textures and rarest shades at moderate prices. The "grand chic" of the season, the popular

EMPIRE CURLS

are especially selected natural curly points, arranged in the clever fashion of which the French artistes chevenx has the secret. No others are genuine.

The hopeless attempt to imitate our original creations even to the name proves the high standard of our novelties. Artistic Marcel Waving, Manicure, Face Massage.



The "Maison" Jules & Charles

Specialists for Scalp Treatments

431 Yonge St.

Phone M. 2498

Rough Red Skin, Chapped hands, Sore Lips and all Face Irritations, caused by wind or weather, cured by

Campana's Italian Balm

(In use over 25 years, by a delighted public)

E. G. WEST & CO., Agents, - Toronto, Ont.

To Be or Not To Be.

That is the question whether it is wise to live unclean and not enjoy good health, or take COOK'S TURKISH AND RUSSIAN BATHS. They will keep your skin active and clean, thereby regulating your system. You will then find that you will always enjoy good health. They are a great luxury, so bring your friends with you and enjoy yourselves.

202 and 204 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO

50c. A JAR

50c. A JAR

LIOLA CREAM

Is purely a hygienic compound for beautifying the skin, many other preparations clog the pores, Liola Cream opens them. It does not cause the skin to peel off but keeps it soft, healthful and beautiful. Contains no arsenic, lead or mercury in any form; nor lanoline, which is believed by so many ladies to make hair grow on the face. It will safely benefit an ill-used skin and will improve a naturally poor complexion.

ASK FOR A SAMPLE

W. H. LEE

King Edward Drug Store

Church and Wellesley Streets and Avenue Road and Macpherson Ave.

50c. A JAR

50c. A JAR



PRINCE ARTHUR—New smart Autumn style; comfort-band for easy and fitting. 1 1/2 inches at back, 2 inches at front, perfectly comfort-fitting because made in **Quarter Sizes**. Made of Irish linen; shape-sewed to launder perfectly; fortified where wear comes, so last longer and fray least.

20c. Each Demand the brand 3 for 50c.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader, resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for pat.

W. W. CORY

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.



Tenders for Pulpwood Concessions

Tenders will be received by the undersigned, up to and including the eighth day of March next, for the right to cut Pulpwood on a certain area, in the District of Nipissing, north of the Townships of Holmes, Burt, Eby, Otto, Boston, etc., and immediately west of the interprovincial boundary line.

Tenders should state the amount they are prepared to pay as bonus in addition to such dues as may be fixed from time to time, for the right to operate a pulp, or pulp and paper industry on the area referred to. Successful Tenderers will be required to erect mills on the territory, or at some other place approved by the Lieutenant-Governor in Council, and to manufacture the wood into pulp in the Province of Ontario.

Parties making tenders will be required to deposit with their tender, a marked cheque, payable to the Treasurer of Ontario, for ten per cent. of the amount of their tender, to be forfeited in event of their not entering into agreement to carry out the conditions, etc. The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

For particulars as to description of territory, capital required to be invested, etc., apply to the undersigned.

P. COCHRANE,

Minister of Lands, Forests, and Mines.

TORONTO, December 29th, 1906.

No unauthorized publication of this notice will be paid for.

THE NAME

COSGRAVE

SIGNIFIES
SUPERB ALE
INVIGORATING PORTER
DELICIOUS
HALF-AND-HALF

Cosgrave Brewery Co.
NIAGARA ST. TORONTO
And of all License Holders.
Telephone—Park 140.

OSTEOPATHIC DIRECTORY

The following is a complete list of fully accredited graduates in Osteopathy practising in the city, excepting only such as may be identified in any way with those CLAIMING to be Osteopaths who hold CORRESPONDENCE diplomas. By fully accredited osteopaths is meant those who have graduated from fully equipped and regularly inspected colleges of osteopathy whose course calls for actual attendance at lectures for at least four terms of five months each.

Robt. B. Henderson, 48 Canada Life Bldg.
Hubert C. Jaquith, Confed. Life Bldg.
J. B. Back, 704 Temple Bldg.
Mrs. Adalyn K. Pigott, 152 Bloor St. East
George W. A. Cook, 189 College St.
F. P. Millard, D. O., 111 Confederation Life Bldg.

The Future of Canada

A Question Much Discussed Just Now by the Press of the English-Speaking World

WHILE the press of Canada is busy every day recording events that mark the rapid progress and expansion of the Dominion, the press of Great Britain and the United States is looking on with the keenest interest and indulging in speculations as to our ultimate destiny. The wonderful development of the Canadian West is becoming more and more a subject for journalistic comment throughout the English-speaking world.

Emerson Hough, in his second article, in *Outing* of New York, on "The Last Stampede for Cheap Homes," says that when he was told that during five months of the past year 9,700 settlers, including Canadians, Americans, Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, Germans, Austrians, Russians, Swedes, Danes, Hollanders, Finlanders, Frenchmen, Belgians, and New Zealanders, had arrived in the Edmonton district, he did not wonder. When they told him that 25,000 settlers would move into that district in 1907 he was "not jarred." "But," he says, "when they showed me that last year fifty families had removed from Riverside, Pasadena and Eureka, in the crack districts of California, and settled far to the north of Edmonton, I admit I gasped and sat down! But how much more than this have you known about the frontier to-day, and about climate and latitude, and many other things? Did you know that Edmonton has a much milder climate than Winnipeg; that any one who can live at all in New York may gain in comfort by going to Edmonton? Did you know that any one who can endure the climate of Chicago—But why multiply these revelations? And Edmonton is merely an instance."

Mr. Hough points out that "to all these many newcomers the Canadian Government has offered free land for actual homesteading—not false and fraudulent homesteading, such as marked some of our Western States." This American writer, who speaks so enthusiastically of the Canadian West and its prospects, interviewed numbers of the settlers. The foreigners questioned were unanimous in scorning the idea of going back to the old world. In Canada they felt they were in a wonderful country, free and rich. He asked a large number of Yankee settlers how they felt about leaving the Stars and Stripes for the Union Jack. Some answered that the former was the flag of the corporations now. Most of them said "that if a man was law-abiding he felt no law in any land. All said the law was good in the new country, the government fair, the schools all that could be asked, the opportunities better than they had left at home."

Most of the British and American writers who discuss the prospects of the Canadian West have opinions to offer regarding the danger of the Canadian West being "Americanized." Here is what a writer in an English journal says:

"I pick up an American ten-cent magazine, published in New York, and come across a few expressions such as these: 'Simoleons,' 'start a rough house,' 'wise guys,' 'a husky mutt,' 'the main squeeze of this burg.' How many Englishmen could translate them at sight, even if they read them with the context? But almost any Canadian farmer, or immigrant of a few years' standing in the West, understands them with perfect ease, and is very likely in the habit of using them daily. The fact is that directly he lands in Canada an Englishman begins to learn a new language, and that this language is much more 'American' than 'English.' For one Canadian who could name the winner of last year's Derby there are dozens who could tell you off-hand the holder of the mile trotting record. Canadian race-meetings are held under the rule of an American Turf Club; American rinks curl annually at the great Canadian bonspiels; Canadian crews row for American championships on American waters; the best dogs in the States enter for the Manitoba Field Trials. A few years ago the number of Canadians settled on the south side of the border was computed at 1,500,000. Is the ordinary Western farmer going to stop buying Sunday numbers of Chicago papers, or to cut off his subscription to New York 'dime' magazines in order to read about county cricket, or football leagues, or the doing of Park Lane magnates? I trow not."

On the other hand, here is an illustration, also given by an English writer, of how the American in the West is Canadianized:

"I have watched one of them smoking a pipe; he would take it out of his mouth at brief intervals, blow a cloud of smoke, and put it back again; anybody could tell at a glance that he was a cigar smoker. Now, a few years ago, an Englishman producing a pipe in the 'smoker' of a Pullman was quite likely to be ordered by the conductor to put it away. It is true that the Statue of Liberty is a prominent object in New York harbor, and also that the smell of cigars at two for five cents ('two-fers,' they are affectionately called) is more offensive to some people than an ordinary pipe. But 'if you want to smoke you may smoke a cigar. We've no use for pipes here.' It generally ended in the Englishman doing what he was told. The use of pipes, and the wearing of knickerbocker breeches and stockings, came over with golf, first into the Eastern States, then, more slowly, out West. But my American friend was in Canada, on business, and Canada is British, and so is pipe smoking, therefore he would learn to smoke a pipe. His reasoning was not quite correct, but his intention was good, and he stuck to his pipe with a persistency that was sometimes pathetic. He gave up girding at British institutions, was probably honestly surprised to find out that much less there was to sneer at than he had been bred to believe. He discovered that the men he had to deal with were very good fellows, and they took to him at once. He became a member of a Canadian club, finding himself quite at home in the poker-room, and built his branch office, and is working there at the present moment. And he is only one of hundreds, or thousands, who are doing these things."

That the discussions as to Canada's future are not without an occasional touch of humor, this paragraph, from the same source, is given:

"Possibly, as a Canadian friend suggests, the final solution lies in the hands of certain Chinese students now in Tokio. There are 13,000 of them there to-day trying to find out how the Japanese managed to more than hold their own against a first-class White Power. If they succeed, and if they impart the lesson to their 400,000,000 fellow countrymen, Canada in a few generations may be neither under the Union Jack, nor under the Stars and Stripes, but under a new heraldic com-



MISS ELLEN TERRY

Photograph made of Miss Terry on shipboard at Southampton, leaving on her present tour of the United States and Canada. She is appearing in George Bernard Shaw's play, 'Captain Brassbound's Conversion' this week in New York, and comes to Canada later in the season.

bination of the two, charged with the maple leaf and the Southern Cross, and other strange devices possibly non-existent to-day."

As to the destiny of this Dominion, Canadians are not troubling themselves over much. The present generation does not see any future for the Dominion but that of a great nation within the British Empire. We believe that Canada is big enough and strong enough in national spirit to assimilate without any serious difficulty all the foreign elements that may come within her borders. To American and English writers alike who express fear of "an American invasion" of our West, our answer is, "Forget it." That is what Americans do who settle there. To our kinsmen in the old land—Englishmen especially—we commend the following advice, given by an English writer who is acquainted with this country:

"Cross the Atlantic. Numbers of Canadians are doing so year after year; they have less money than you, very often, and are at least as busy. If they can do it, why not you? The Canadian who has been in England almost invariably returns home more of an Anglophile than he was before he started. Go and return the call, instead of playing your everlasting lawn tennis at Homburg, or mobbing your sovereign at Marienbad. Go and shoot moose, and prairie chicken, by way of a change from red-deer and grouse; really hunting for chicken is more amusing than standing in a butt waiting for a line of beaters to drive your game up to you."

"I want you, the individual Englishman, to do your share, to put yourself out somewhat, if by so doing you may get to know your Canadian brother better than you do. The mere exercise of an effusive and somewhat patronizing hospitality is of little use; you must take him on equal terms. If you visit him, don't take it for granted that because your social position at home is assured you will find it equally easy to get on with people there. You won't; you will be constantly treading on their toes, though they may be too polite to tell you so. They will tread on yours too, and will be equally surprised if you flinch or remonstrate; but the more you see of one another the better you will get on."

Scotland can claim amongst its sons the youngest expert astronomer in the world—Mr. Hector Macpherson, Jr., who, though only eighteen years of age, has produced two notable astronomical works. He is the son of a popular Scottish journalist, and resides with his father at Johnsburn, Balerno, a pretty, tree-sheltered old Midlothian country house, some few miles from Edinburgh. When twelve years of age young Hector began to show a strong interest in astronomy. His father encouraged this interest by procuring for him primers written in simple and popular style. The lad's wonder and interest were aroused. Bit by bit he developed, getting a corner of his home fitted up as an observatory, with telescope, orrery, star-maps, and other paraphernalia. Twelve months ago he published his first book, entitled "Astronomers of To-day." In order to get accurate and the latest information concerning the work of the French, German, and Italian astronomers, Hector first learned these languages, and then corresponded with the astronomers in their native tongue. His latest book, "A Century's Progress of Astronomy," consists of 246 pages, and tells in easy vein the marvellous progress that has been made in this deep but fascinating science during the last hundred years. This youthful author of scientific works is a member of the Societe Astronomique de France, and also a member of the Societe Belge d'Astronomie.

The anniversary of the death of Queen Victoria, which occurred on January 22nd, 1901, is a reminder that only a narrow chance prevented England having as its Sovereign a Queen Georgiana. Well aware of the possibilities of his infant daughter's ultimate succession to the Throne, the Duke of Kent desired that both the Emperor Alexander of Russia and her uncle, the Regent, afterwards George IV., should be her godfathers. The names of Alexandrina Georgiana had been decided upon when the Regent announced that Georgiana must take precedence of Alexandrina. The Duke not being inclined to concede the point, the Royal infant was consequently given the name of Victoria, after her mother, the late Duchess of Kent, nee Princess Victoria of Saxe-Cobourg. Since Her late Majesty's marriage the name of Victoria has figured freely among her feminine descendants.

It is not generally known that according to the social diplomatic code, an Ambassador has "no sex." In consequence ladies can call on a bachelor or widower Ambassador just as if there were an Ambassador at the Embassy. Another point is that an Ambassador is as good a chaperon as any dowager or duenna, and therefore young unmarried ladies can visit an unattached Ambassador or stay at his Embassy "without committing any breach of decorum."

Apollinaris

"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."

HAS CONSTANTLY and STEADILY INCREASED in Popularity and Esteem, and is ACCEPTED THROUGHOUT the ENTIRE CIVILIZED WORLD as possessing all the properties of an IDEAL and PERFECT TABLE WATER.

APOLLINARIS is a digestant, mildly stimulating the acid secretions of the stomach.

APOLLINARIS should be the habitual beverage of those suffering from chronic gout, rheumatism, or excessive uric acid.



Lighting a Home

THE charm of an artistic home depends—to a larger extent than most people realize—upon the arrangement of its lighting facilities.

Electric Lights—really artistic fixtures—will do much to render a beautiful interior even more beautiful.

While, vice versa, poor lighting arrangements will mar the beauty of the most magnificent home.

It's a subject worthy of serious consideration—and we wish you would let us help you. Our wide variety of choice fixtures will be found of great assistance in making an appropriate selection.

TORONTO ELECTRIC LIGHT CO., Limited
12 ADELAIDE ST. EAST, TORONTO

SANDERSON'S
SCOTCH
MOUNTAIN DEW
POSITIVELY THE FINEST WHISKY IMPORTED

When ordering your Wines, Ales or Waters do not fail to DEMAND Bottles stoppered with

Sanitary Bottle Stoppers



THEY prevent the contents of the bottle from becoming CORRY or FLAT. They are the only ABSOLUTELY SANITARY stoppers on the market. Bottles sealed with these stoppers are EASILY OPENED, there being no need of the use of CORKSCREW or patent device. Even a lead pencil will suffice as an opener.



Manufactured by

The Gillette Aluminum Seal Co.
50 COLBORNE ST., TORONTO

CARLING'S
ALE, PORTER & LAGER
NOTED FOR
PURITY, UNIFORMITY & BRILLIANCY.
GOLD MEDAL.

JAHN & SON'S DEPILATORY PASTE

REMOVES
SUPERFLUOUS HAIR
and does it without the
slightest pain or injury
to the skin. With this
preparation you run no
risk of being left with
an unsightly scar.
Price 50 cents post paid.

JAHN & SON
73 1/2 King Street West
Established 30 years

Convido Port

Convido Port helps
invalids and pleases
palates because it is
made of the best
grapes grown in the
best port grape section
of Portugal, the "Alto
Douro." Then it is
bottled right there
so you can be sure
it's pure, rich
and sound-bodied.

made
from
good
grapes

Warre & Co.
Oporto
Portugal

Established 1670

In Canada by
D. O. ROBLIN of TORONTO

Prescriptions

Andrew Jeffrey,
Yonge and Carlton Streets



A Wavy Switch The Woman Most Admired

Is the woman with luxuriant hair
other things being equal. The
startling improvement a Natural
Wavy Switch or Straight Hair
Switch will work in a woman's
appearance is unbelievable until
actually seen, and why any woman
who cares about her appearance
goes without one is a mystery
to those who know.

HAIR ORNAMENTS
PINS COMBS
COLORING
TOILET ARTICLES

THE PEMBER STORE
LEADERS IN HAIR FASHIONS.
127-129 Yonge St., Toronto



Comfortable Eyeglasses

EYEGLASSES, when prop-
erly fitted, should be a
comfort to the wearer.

Our glasses are made to fit
comfortably, securely, and to
suit the personal appearance
of each individual.

Most modern methods used
for the correction of visual de-
fects. Special attention given
to Oculists' prescriptions.

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Parlors,
49 King St. E., TORONTO
Phone M 2010

MINNIE H. BROWN
Teacher of High-Class Ceramics
Studio—Room 3, above Petersen's
Art Rooms,
382 Yonge Street, Toronto

Young Canadians Serving the King

XLII.



SIR E. P. C. GIROUARD, K.C.M.G., D.S.O., R.E.
A Graduate of the Royal Military College of Canada 1886, recently appointed
Superintendent of Railways, West Coast of Africa.

Social and Personal.

The doings in Queen's Park last week (when with booming of guns, glitter of gold lace, flash of bright uniforms, and the other fuss and feathers incidental to the annual function, parliament was opened,) were participated in by a very large and smart crowd of Toronto society. Mrs. Mortimer Clark, in a lustrous mauve satin robe, with fine lace and diamonds came into the "circle" about three o'clock, the house rising with fine courtesy till she took her seat. The Misses Mortimer Clark and Miss Bessie Macdonald made their *entree* at the same time, and very soon after the Lieutenant Governor arrived by another way, and was escorted up the Chamber by the usual brilliant party of high officials and officers in the King's uniform. The ladies of the cabinet ministers, Mrs. Whitney in white brocade, Mrs. Pyne in jetted lace over white, Mrs. Cochrane in a very pretty mauve gown with velvet hands mounted on white, Mrs. Adam Beck lovely as ever in pink striped satin and faille, with a design of velvet flowers, and an ermine scarf, Mrs. St. John in black velvet, with bertha of point lace, were seated on the right of the throne. The circle, usually crowded, was, however, rather blank on opening day and as for the judges and their wives and the Consular Corps, the Senators and the church dignitaries, their places were almost all left to chance occupants. Mr. Nordheimer in Consular togs was present, and Dr. Harley Smith and his bright pretty wife sat in their allotted places. The Prime Minister was eagerly looked for—but did not materialize. I hear that a couple of years ago, when the regime was "new," the Bishop and Mrs. Sweatman were treated with scant courtesy, and, finding no possibility of getting to their seats, drove home at once. Better order and wiser ushers are now to the fore, and I hope if His Grace cherishes awful memories he may be gently coaxed to forget! The members' seats were as usual pre-empted by a heavy of beauty, looking as well as could be expected when the mercury is low, and the corsage likewise. I am told it would not be unconstitutional to have the opening in the evening, and if so, I greatly wonder why it takes place at three, seeing that women are supposed to arrive at that unseemly hour in evening dress. If men had their bear skins spelled differently, we should soon see an evening opening started. After the ceremonies the guests invited to the Speaker's chambers for tea found Mrs. St. John awaiting them, the Government House party arriving first and being followed by a vast crowd, some in glad and gorgeous apparel, others in overcoats and furs, one unsophisticated gentleman being so unconstitutional as to, (as a scandalized matron described it) "take tea in his fur cap," though really he had it in a china cup, with his disrespectful fur cap on his erratic head. The rooms were charmingly decorated with banks of primulas, festoons of smilax, mounds of deep pink carnations, and sweetly pretty thickets of maiden hair and white hyacinths and lily of the valley on the mantels. The mammoth tea buffet was done in white and pink with roses and carnations, and everyone had a jolly time.

Mrs. MacMahon gave a couple of teas this week.

Mrs. James Mason, 43 Queen's Park, is giving a tea next Wednesday from 4.30 to 7.

Mrs. James P. Mabey, 15 Scarth Road, is giving her first tea in her new house, this afternoon from 4.30 to 7. Good news comes from Stratford, of the convalescence of her sister, Miss Elsie Thorold, after an attack of appendicitis, and Mrs. Mabey hopes soon to welcome her on a visit here.

Mrs. John S. MacKinnon, 668 Huron street, is giving a tea next Tuesday from 4.30 to 7.

Mrs. Thomas Davies gave a charming tea to a lot of her girl friends, on Friday, in honor of her niece, the bride-elect of next Wednesday, Miss Etta Taylor, and her son, Dr. Alexander Davies, who is leaving shortly

to walk the London hospitals. Mrs. Davies looked very smart in black, paillette, with point lace; Miss Taylor wore a white lace and mousseline gown, very pretty and girlish, with violets and lily of the valley. The sons of the house, headed by Dr. Davies, were busy cavaliereing the merry young guests to the dining-room, where a lovely bride-like tea table, done in white hyacinths, lily of the valley and carnations, with green ribbons and feathery ferns, was awaiting their needs. It was one of the merriest of teas, only the girls and their hosts being present, and the coming wedding evoking plenty of chatter.

Mrs. Cawthra, of Yeaton Hall, gave a tea last Friday to a number of her old friends, and was the same cordial and thoughtful hostess, who has been too long missed from her wonted place. Miss Cawthra, Miss Codrington and Miss Perkins assisted, and both in the reception and tea rooms there were lovely flowers and pleasant meeting of friends, *en ménage*, not *en menagerie*, only a limited number having been invited, and almost everyone putting in an appearance.

The Annual Banquet of the Dickens Fellowship will be held at McConkey's on February 7, the ninety-fifth anniversary of the novelist's birth. The society now has three hundred members, and a very good programme is arranged for next Thursday's reunion. Dickens-lovers, whether members or not, may secure tickets for the banquet from Miss Pennell, the Secretary-Treasurer, 214 Gerrard street east. Mrs. Jean Blewett, who has just made a "plum" out of her new book of verses, Miss Mac Dickenson, Miss Emma T. Froas and Mr. Bell-Smith are on the list for Thursday.

The new residence for nurses of the Sick Children's Hospital will be opened by a reception from four to seven o'clock next Tuesday afternoon. This residence is absolutely the most perfect and up-to-date thing of its kind in the country. Mr. Ross Robertson has put his brains and his money into securing its completeness, and no more need be said. A man with a hobby of this sort is a benediction to any community.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie Douglas have gone to California. Dr. McDonagh has gone to Egypt. Miss Mildred Sankey goes next week to Macleod on a visit to her aunt, Mrs. Ponton. Mrs. G. W. Allen is in Ottawa. Mrs. Fred Mowat gave a young folks' tea on Thursday. Mrs. Burritt entertained Miss Ruby Ramsay at a small dinner last week. Mrs. Thorne, 66 Bloor east, is giving a dance for young folks next Monday evening. Mrs. Anderson, Glen Road, gave a young folks' tea last Saturday. Miss Mary Campbell is in Ottawa.

Dr. and Mrs. G. R. Parkin have been much welcomed guests in town. Dr. Parkin addressed the U. C. C. students on Saturday evening at the college.

Mr. and Mrs. George Macdonell are residing at Sussex Court, since their return from their honeymoon.

The engagement is announced of Miss Norah Sullivan, youngest daughter of the late Bishop of Algoma and of Mrs. Sullivan, to Mr. Harold Atlee Flint, son of Richard Flint Esq., of Woodstock House, Croydon, England. The wedding will take place in the summer.

The various festivities attendant upon the Gale-Taylor wedding next Wednesday have included dinners to the bridegroom-elect on Friday of last week, and last night, a dinner given by Mrs. Taylor for the bridesmaids and ushers at her home in Sherbourne street, and a dinner at the King Edward, given by the best man and ushers, to the bridesmaids at the King Edward, followed by a theatre party and supper. All these pretty festivities have been very well done.

Mrs. Charlton's reception on Wednesday at the Parliament Buildings was a huge affair. The hostess and her sister received and two tearooms were arranged for the guests; in the dining-room the table was done in pink roses and white hyacinths, in the other room were carnations of all shades.

Mrs. Walker Bell received on Wednesday in her *bijou* little apartment in the Alexandra. Mrs. Lissant Beardmore and Miss Aimee Falconbridge assisted Mrs. Bell. The pretty drawingroom with its panels of roses, the sweet, bright hostess in her dainty pink gown, the assistant ladies also in pink, made a picture callers will not soon forget.

Two brides held receptions on Wednesday afternoon. Mrs. Bell at the Alexandra and Mrs. Rae, nee Davidson, at her mother's residence in Charles street.

Mrs. Hume Blake Proudfoot is giving a tea next Friday at her home in Roxborough street. Mrs. Proudfoot was unable to entertain at the time of Miss Proudfoot's debut, owing to illness in the family circle, a condition which is now, happily, a thing of the past.

Mrs. Arthur Gowan Strathy is giving a tea at her home, 100 Beverly street, the old Strathy homestead which Mr. and Mrs. Strathy have recently occupied, after several improvements.

Mrs. Rathbun gave a young folks' tea on Wednesday. Mrs. Teetzel gave a small bridge on the same day. Mr. Beardmore gave a small dinner at Chudleigh on Tuesday evening. Mrs. Albert Webb (Alix Macdonald) has her mother, Mrs. Macdonald of Napanee, on a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt are going abroad next month. Mrs. Nesbitt receives for the last time this season on Monday next.

EFFECTIVE DESIGNS IN PLEATED SKIRTS

Made to order from your own material.

Knife and Accordion Pleating promptly executed.

Careful Attention given to each individual order.

Featherbone Novelty Co.

Limited
266-274 KING STREET WEST
BRANCHES: 112 Yonge Street. Telephone Main 8508
296 Yonge Street. 8504
TORONTO
MONTREAL: Room 16, Birk's Bldg.

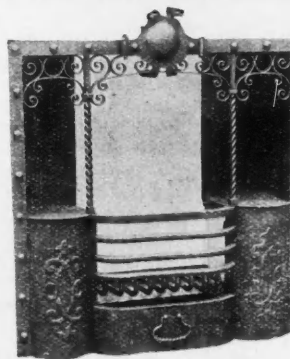


MODEL NO. 13

Rex Chocolates

WHEN your dealer
sells you REX
brands of Confections
he is giving you the
best he can buy.

Made by
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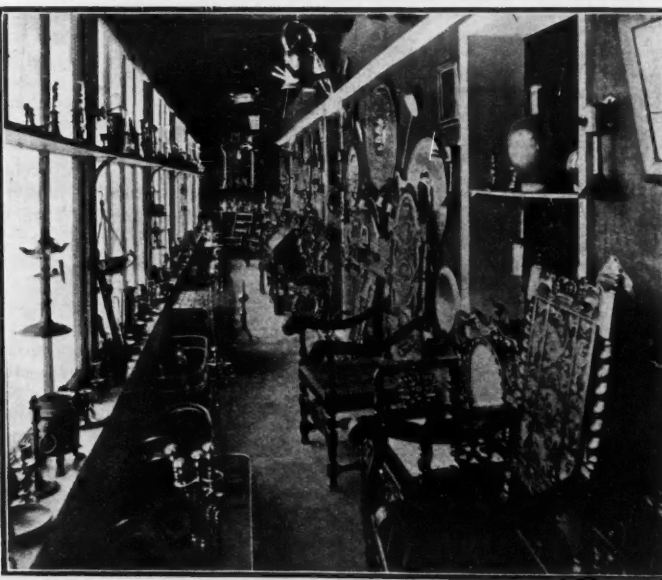
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"ARCHBISHOP" SERAPHIM INTERVIEWED

The Story of a Curious Greek Church Rite at Winnipeg.

I HAD just returned from a trip to one of Winnipeg's suburbs, and I hastened to report at the desk of the city editor. Glancing over the pages of the assignment book, I read, "Miss — see Bishop Seraphim re blessing of the Red."

I knew what this referred to, for I remembered having heard that a weird rite of this kind takes place each year on the 19th day of January. But I did not know the Bishop who officiates on the important occasion; nor had I any idea of the ceremony which could transform the turbid depths of the Red River—which carries away the sewage of the prairie city—into holy water. But it was my duty to find out.

It was one of those clear, cold Manitoba days, when your cheeks and nasal organs may be frozen white, and you are not aware that you are even chilly, until a kindly pedestrian ventures to inform you that your features have been congealed with the cold. I directed my steps toward North Main street, thinking as I walked along, what a strange impression the buildings on either side this busy thoroughfare would make upon the mind of a tourist viewing them for the first time. Imposing office buildings, bountifully equipped with all the conveniences of modern times, rise side by side with the little primitive one-story log shacks, erected by the pioneer merchants away back in the eighties.

I turned west when I reached Stella avenue, and hastened toward the Bishop's Church. It is known to fame throughout the West as "The Scrap Iron Cathedral." It is the Eighth

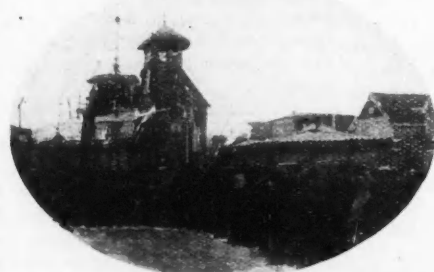
over his ears and forehead. He was hardly of medium height. He wore a threadbare tweed ulster. I told him that I would like to speak to the Bishop. He grinned, and mumbled something, and I repeated my request. The little lad at his side stepped up and said in broken English: "He's de Bishop." To say I was surprised is putting it mildly—he differed so widely from my mental picture of an ecclesiastical dignitary. But we reporters soon learn not to be easily nonplussed; we meet so many surprises every day.

I told him that I was a representative of The Daily Telegram, and that I had come to have him explain to me the significance of the ceremony he purposed performing on Saturday. He seemed to be pleased, for he smilingly requested me to come in out of the cold, and promised to "explaination it all to me." I am not the least bit timid. In fact I am rather brave for a girl, my brother says, but I hesitated more than a minute before I accepted his invitation to enter. I tried to persuade him that I was all right where I was, and that I could talk splendidly outside. (It was only 38 below that day.) But there was no escape from his proffered hospitality if I was to land that "scoop" and get some of his photos, so I slowly stepped across his reverential threshold.

I found myself in a wood-shed, but he quickly opened another door and ushered me into his own little apartment. He offered me his best chair, a rocker with a cushion of flaming red cretonne. I soon found out that the old gentleman did not understand English very well, but his knowledge of German was better, and with the aid of the two languages, I succeeded in obtaining the following story:

The Bishop is the head of the Greek Independent Catholic Church in the West, and he has about three hundred adherents in Winnipeg alone. It is his custom every year to bless the waters of the Red River. He said he intended to open the eyes of the public to what he had power to accomplish.

About one o'clock on Saturday afternoon his followers would assemble at his cathedral, a procession would be formed, led by four men carrying an immense cross of ice, elaborately trimmed with tinsel. The Bishop and his priests would be immediately behind, clad



The Russian Catholic Church, Winnipeg. Procession setting out to bless the waters.

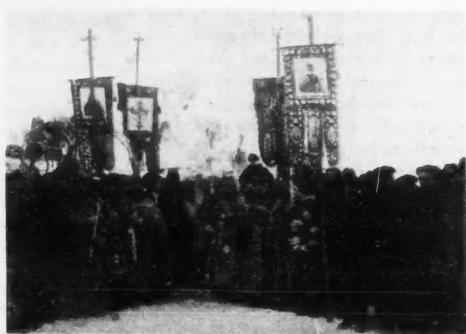
Wonder of the world. It is a place of interest to all visitors and citizens, not so much on account of the religious ceremonies which take place within its sacred precincts, but the absolutely unique and original style of its architecture compels the attention of the spectator.

In shape it is more octagonal than anything else; all the beams and supports are made of scrap iron in various designs; the sides of this holy edifice consist of rough unplanned planks, painted a glaring Turkish red.

But the spire is the awe-inspiring climax to the whole marvellous system of architecture. It consists of the head of an iron bed, securely attached to a couple of upright iron bars.

The "cathedral" is guiltless of windows. I am told that the "faithful" use candles for illuminating purposes. The building has a door on the south end, and it was upon this door I knocked, hoping to find his reverence at home. I received no response, but I never give up that quickly, I always run the desired man to earth before I go back to the office. Observing the door more attentively, I discovered something which had escaped me until that moment—it was a small card vouchsafing the information which I desired so much, where the Bishop might be found. It gave a number on North Main street, and I hurried toward it, for I seemed to be on the right trail at last.

The number in question was over the door of a one-story store; entering, I was greeted by a smiling, crafty Jew, who wanted to know "Vat he coul't show me in a fine second-hand stove, sheep, very sheep?" I replied that I understood that Bishop Seraphim lived at this number, and I would like to see him. He directed me around to the rear of the building. It was interminably long and uninviting judged from the exterior. I rapped, timidly it must be confessed, on the back door, and a man of about fifty-five winters, accompanied by a little boy, answered the knock. The man had a thick, curly beard, and two head-like grey eyes glittered out from beneath a muskrat cap, which was pulled down



Procession to Bless the Waters of the Red River at Winnipeg—Archbishop Seraphim likes to be photographed.

in their gorgeous robes of office.

The whole motley gathering would march down to the historic Red River, and at the foot of Selkirk avenue the rite would take place. A hole would be chopped in the ice, and amid weird incantations and non-committal prayers the roily, murky Red River would be converted into holy water.

This water is then used by the Russian Catholics for baptismal and other devotional services. It has been the custom of some of the people to carry the water home in pails, and to use it for drinking purposes. The city health officers have attributed the cause of many outbreaks of typhoid in the north end of the city to the imbibing of this awful fluid—the blessed water.

I told the Bishop that the health authorities did not approve of his followers carrying the water to their homes, and that they had declared their intention of interfering this year if they attempted to take a drop of water away from the river. The Bishop laughed scornfully, and replied solemnly that if he even deigned to spit on the Red River the whole river would immediately be purified.

As I rose to take my leave the old gentleman brought out several photos of himself. I coaxed him to let me have a loan of a few of them, but he demanded that I should give him my card with my address written upon it before he would part with his treasures.

The Bishop asked me to be sure to witness his grand ceremony on Saturday, which I promised to do if the thermometer did not go too low. As I cannily backed out of the wood-shed door, a smile wreathed his face as he asked me in a subdued tone whether I was a married lady or a girl. I wonder why he asked that question?

WINNIPEG, Jan. 28, '07. A. L.

WHEN A WESTERNER COMES EAST

A Visitor from the Plains who scoffs at Toronto and the sights hereabouts.

AN entertaining writer has been contributing to The Townsman of Calgary, Alberta, a number of letters, imaginary and satirical, which describe the efforts of a man in Toronto to entertain a visitor from the West. The host writes:

A week or so ago my guest became restless, and began again to speak of going back to his native plains. I cast around for something to please him, and finally decided to take him to the theatre, as one of America's foremost actresses was at that time playing here.

I broached the subject, and the Westerner, after deliberation, coldly acquiesced.

When evening came, we went to the theatre. The house was packed, and the actress was again and again called before the curtain to bow acknowledgments to the tumultuous approval from parquet and galleries. The Western man sat spellbound through the stirring scenes depicted by the company. Toward the climax of the play I could feel his muscles growing tense, as he watched with eager eyes for the triumph of right over wrong, and when finally all ended, and the beautiful actress was happily married, he sat back in his seat with a sigh, and eyed the lucky stage hero with glinting, murderous, crocodile-eyes.

By the time we were on the street he had a pretty good grip on himself, and sauntered along in his old independent way, carefully picking the civic government to pieces.

"What did you think of the show?" I asked at last.

"Pretty fair," he conceded.

"And the acting?" I persisted.

"Not bad," he said, indifferently.

"But if you want to see real acting, you ought to go West and watch a horse-thief tell the jury that he's innocent. That's the acme of acting," and he drifted off on a story about a bald-faced, glass-eyed pony with a blotched brand and travelling propensities.

Somewhat disappointed, and considerably chagrined, I walked quietly along, doing my best to think of something really astonishing. Suddenly the idea struck me.

"Have you ever seen the Falls?" I queried.

"Niagara?" he reciprocated.

"Yes," I said, and he admitted that he never had, but would like to do so; so we arranged to take a trip to Buffalo, and from there to travel by the electric lines to the Falls.

We went, the Western friend caustically sarcastic about the things I pointed out as being of interest, while I was congratulating myself about the admiring amazement I was going to arouse in the scoffer from the mountains when he first caught sight of the Falls. I was sure that he would hubble with joy and gratitude.

The journey was rather uneventful, but the man from the plains and the hills caused a little excitement, once. While we were strolling along the deck he caught sight of a copper-colored inhabitant of Walpole Island.

The Western man rushed up to him, as to a long-lost brother, held out his hand, and said rapidly:

"Ocksee, Gee sin, kee-see-kow," and then he commenced to make disparaging gestures about things in general.

The copper-colored recipient of the endearments, looked dazedly around and finally took his hand from the crushing of the exultant talker.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, in purest Caucasian, "but I only talk Ojibway and English. I never studied Russian," and the Western man retreated to me, muttering:

"Another four-flush. Even the Indians cannot talk Indian," and he was inconsolable until he discovered that the cigar-stand man on the boat handled the same kind of tobacco that he used in the West.

At Buffalo we immediately mounted a car that was placarded with signs about the Falls, and were soon speeding on our purring, roaring way to the great sight.

The dust was frightful, and the day was none too cool. A fine, sifting cloud penetrated every crevice, and settled thickly on our faces and clothing. The car was stifling hot.

I bore it in patience for a considerable length of time, but finally turned querulously to my companion and said:

"Aren't you sorry you came? I am."

His eyes looked frank amazement from between his dust-laden lashes,



Another Great Victory FOR THE ANGELUS

ON November 15 a musical critic published an article in the Pittsburg "Index," in which the statement that no so-called mechanical piano-player possessed any true artistic possibilities—or words to that effect.

The S. Hamilton Company, who are the Pittsburg agents for the Angelus, immediately denounced the statements of the critic as being absolutely untrue, as far as the Angelus Piano Player was concerned; and they challenged the critic to a test of the Angelus, before a committee of the most prominent musicians of the city; and they promised to donate one of their best pianos to any charity the critic might name, in case he was able to discover the difference between hand-played and Angelus-played music.

On December 8th, several gentlemen of high standing in musical circles, including Mr. Edwin H. Lemare, the great English organist; Mr. Adolph H. Foerster, the eminent American composer and teacher; the critic himself, and several others met in the Angelus Rooms of Hamilton Hall. Compositions by McDowell, Chopin, Liszt and others, as well as some of Mr. Lemare's own improvisations were used in the test, and the impossibility to detect the difference between hand-played and Angelus-played music was demonstrated in a manner that was at once startling and complete.

The very first piece played settled the controversy. Two grand pianos, of exactly the same pitch and tone, stood side by side. Before one was placed an Angelus, and a skillful pianist sat at the other. In the next room sat the committee of critics. The Angelus was played first, and at a certain point in the composition, the Angelus was stopped, and the pianist continued the composition and finished it. Then one of the critics said, "that's very fine, now we will listen to the Angelus," and not one of the committee disputed his opinion that the entire composition had been played by hand.

The opinions of two of the critics were recorded as follows:

EDWIN H. LEMARE says:—"Any pianist or musician must admit the wonderful virtuosity of the Angelus—its artistic possibilities in the hands of the capable musician, either amateur or professional, are limited only by his own temperament and knowledge. As a means for artistic interpretation, it is, in my opinion absolutely unique. The Angelus with its wonderful devices for phrasing and emphasizing notes, should be welcomed by all true musicians."

ADOLPH M. FOERSTER says:—"In the compositions that I have been able to hear it is impossible to detect the difference between the hand-played and the Angelus-played music, properly and artistically done in both cases, of course. The phrasing lever and emphasis devices of the Angelus make this possible and afford great possibilities that will be readily understood by those competent to judge properly."

The party responsible for the original criticism expressed his surprise at the results of the test of the Angelus, as he with the others was overwhelmed by the convincing proof presented.

Thus it was shown again, as it has been shown so often before, that the Angelus is in a class by itself. Criticisms which may be upheld against all other piano players have no bearing whatever on the possibilities of this marvelous and most human piano-playing device.

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and surprise shone dimly through the dust on his countenance.

"Why?" he asked.

"The dust," I snapped, none too patiently.

"Oh," he laughed, "this is nothing. You just ought to take a drive from Banff to Lake Minnewanka, on a hot day, if you want real dust. Even the horses can't see there," and I silently cursed the West.

At last we arrived at the Falls. From afar the muffled roar could be heard, and the Western man pricked up his ears and said:

"Sounds like a bunch on the stampede," while I cheered up visibly, as I thought of the surprise I had in store for my friend.

We hired a carriage and drove over to Goat Island, and from there the Westerner could get his first good view of the Falls. I looked at the great sight, filled with the inexplicable feelings that always come over me when I see them, and after

a moment I stole a glance at the scornful rancher.

He stood, apparently paralyzed, watching the water. He watched it where it was slipping, slipping, eternally slipping, a mass of shining green, over the edge of the fall. He watched it as it thinned and grew lighter and lighter until it burst with its thunderous roar, into fleecy, dazzling clouds of spray, while above all could be seen the glory of the everlasting rainbow.

With a deep sigh my friend turned away from the scene.

"What do you think of this?" I shouted, triumphantly.

"How much of a drop?" he shouted back.

"One hundred and sixty-four feet," I said, proudly.

"Oh," he roared back, with a look of relief, "that isn't near as much as the Bow Falls between Banff and Calgary. Eight hundred, anyway, there," and under cover of the thun-

der of the falls I audibly wished the fanatical loyalty of the West were in perdition.

Last Monday evening the department managers of the Robert Simpson Company, Limited, Toronto, sat down to a banquet at the King Edward Hotel. The gathering, which was a novel and interesting one in many respects, was exceedingly well-planned, as a glance at the elaborate menu card will show. Song and story enlivened the toast list, and several of the managers spoke on subjects touching the welfare of the house. Thirty-seven heads of departments were present. The banquet will be made an annual affair.

Chapleigh—I was—aw—out late last night, and the—aw—result was I had a head on me this mawning, doncher know."

Miss Caustique—Well, if I were you I'd stay out late every night.—Chicago Daily News.



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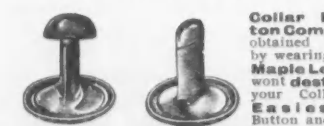
PHOENIX

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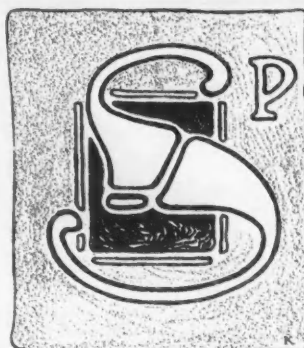
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SPORTING COMMENT

that would make a defiance of the powers temporarily profitable. It is difficult to see from this distance what particular joy there is in being always "agin the government" as these people are. In season and out they are always attempting to introduce some circus of their own into the proceedings with the result that sporting affairs are in a continual state of turmoil. There have been several abortive attempts to form another association that would accommodate all the divergent ideas that prevail; room for amateurs, room for professionals and room for everybody; a sort of happy family of cats and dogs like the menageries used to carry. Such ideas bore the mark of fate on them ere they were half grown and no one except their immediate sponsors grieved at their demise. It will be interesting to see if this latest foolishness will survive beyond the allotted span.

NORTH BAY, Jan. 25, '07.

Editor Saturday Night: A recent issue of your paper contained an article on "The Indian." There is considerable truth in the statement of your correspondent re the slaughter of game by the Indians, but what about the other side of the story, namely the pot-hunters that exist among the white men, and who are continually carrying on their illegal hunting?

During the latter part of June and the fore part of July three magnificent specimens of moose were shot and killed while wading in the water on the north shore of Lake Nipissing, between the mouth of the Sturgeon River and Britton's Creek, in broad daylight. One of the carcasses was taken to an ice-house at the mouth of the river and packed in the ice. These animals were shot by pure-blooded white men, but, of course, the Indians got the blame for it.

Many Indians are prevailed upon to kill moose and deer by men of this class, who give them whiskey in exchange, and matters seem to be winked at.

About twelve months ago, Game Warden Pardiac, of this town, made a seizure, in the town of Sturgeon Falls, of several hundred pounds of moose and venison and some sixty brace of partridge. The game warden confiscated the whole, but had to return the seizure owing to the influence that was brought to bear. "Evidently the days of pull are not yet over." It would be interesting to know why the game warden was not allowed to act or to take further proceedings in the case.

The illegal killing of moose and deer in Nipissing by white men is astounding. They certainly should know better. And it will always be so as long as the present system of appointing game wardens is carried out.

Permit me, Mr. Editor, to suggest that a proper man be chosen for the position of game warden at a salary, say \$1,000 per year and expenses—a man who can speak both French and English fluently, who not only is a thorough bushman, but who is familiar with the streams and lakes of Nipissing; that he be kept moving from year's end to year's end, and I venture to say that if the right man is appointed the illegal killing of game will cease to a great extent. The present system of enforcing the game laws is a complete farce. I remain, yours truly, NIPISSING.

Mr. C. H. Chapman, game warden for the State of Michigan, has just written to the colonization department of the C.P.R., giving some information as to experiments that are to be tried in that State in the hunting of wolves, which have been creating great havoc among the game—information that is particularly interesting in view of the forthcoming wolf hunts in Canadian territory.

Mr. Chapman states that he has decided to give hounds a test in the upper peninsula, where they have deep snows and heavy timber, not unlike the territory of Canada. They will use six wolf hounds—two Russian wolf hounds from Simsbury, Ct., two of the Irish wolf hounds from Lexington, Ky., and two of the wolf hounds so called, procured especially from that section in the South. The last-named are simply a cross between the bloodhound and the foxhound, and are trained especially for wolves. These hounds run entirely by scent, while the Irish and Russian hounds run almost entirely by sight.

In the South, where they hunt especially with the peculiar dog they call the wolfhound, they claim to have more sport with these dogs than any other. The hunter goes out at dusk and places the hounds on the trail. He then returns to his cabin

and does not go back to the trail until just before daylight. Meanwhile the hounds have been following up the wolf, which soon begins to run on a circular trail. By daylight the wolf is very tired, having run all night. He can only think of one thing at a time. Watching the dog that is watching him, he pays no attention to the hunter, and falls an easy prey to the gun.

Mr. Chapman and a party of army officers from Fort Brady will come over to Ontario this week and join in the big wolf-hunt near Desbarats. They will bring with them several Russian wolf-hounds. Hunters from Louisville, Ky., will also join in the hunt, bringing hounds along.

Quite a lively discussion is under way in the Saskatoon Phoenix as to whether there are any timber wolves in those parts as reported. A mounted policeman twenty years in the West, says that recent stories of wolves were founded only on the actions of cowardly coyotes, that timber wolves hunt in pairs, not in packs, etc. Mr. L. G. Lawson replies that they hunt sometimes in pairs and at other times in packs. He quotes evidence of the presence of wolves. "A leading lawyer of Saskatoon," he says, "who is a powerful man and not a coward, was chased by a pack of five wolves, and had to run for his life. All our lawyers have come here in the past four years." Quite evidently the wolves and the lawyers entered that country about the same time. "One night," continues Mr. Lawson, "when I was present at Mr. Murdoch's at Gull Lake, a pack of timber wolves entered his yard, and he let out his dog to scare them. His bark was soon silenced, and not a bone of him was left in the morning." The heavy winter has brought these unwelcome visitors, and Mr. Lawson advises that their presence be admitted and steps taken to deal with them.

SERIOUS and definite statements about moose slaughter are made by The Fort William Times-Journal and the Ontario Government should take cognizance of them. "Camps where men relieve each other in the slaughter of moose and deer can be found all through this part of the country from here to Silver Mountain and all along the construction camps of the railways and through the timber districts."

Such was the expression of a settler of Slate River to the Times-Journal yesterday and it confirms the facts that have already been gathered by this paper. There are at least two men living in Westfort who are making a living from the sale of moose meat and regular camps and runways are established all over this district where men are killing moose and deer the same as they would rabbits. It is well known that the railway and other construction camps are supplied with more moose meat than beef and on the tables of hotels all through the district moose can be found any day.

On account of the deep snow the big game is easily killed this year, it being only a matter of getting close enough to shoot them; as the Slate River settler puts it; it is simply "pot hunting" as the animals are perfectly helpless in the deep snow. There is no game warden and the law is not as forceful as it might be to stop this slaughter of moose and deer for profit. An officer of the government should be sent into this district at once to raid all the camps where this meat is bought and prosecute both buyer and seller. The Times-Journal is credibly informed that some of the camps have a regular hunter attached whose sole business is to supply the table with moose and deer. These are the exact conditions that representatives of this paper have found and it now remains for the authorities to take some action to stop the slaughter.

The Colonel (at young Adde Pate's examination for military service)—Is there any reason why you should not serve your three years? Have you any infirmity?

Young Adde Pate—Yes, Colonel, I am nearsighted.

"Prove it!"

"Well, do you see that nail over there in the wall?"

"Yes."

"Well, I don't."—Translated from Les Annales.

"But," said the man who considered himself smart, "when your wife starts talking on an embarrassing subject, why don't you change the subject?"

"You don't know my wife," replied Peckham. "She'd simply exhaust the few subject, and then take up the old one where she left off."—Philadelphia Press.

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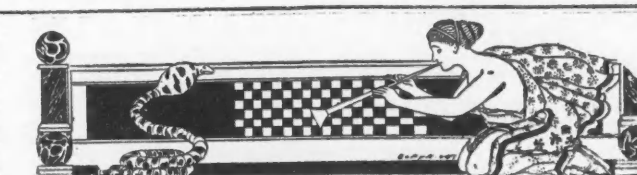
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Hunting the Wolf.

THE big wolf hunt under the direction of Mr. L. O. Armstrong of the C. P. R. will start out from Desbarats, Ont., twenty-eight miles east

of Sault Ste Marie, on Tuesday, February 9. The report that this hunt was called off was in error, and arose through the fact that the hunt billed to take place in Quebec was postponed on account of a scarcity of snow. It is a surprising fact that wolves are more in evidence this year both in the United States and Canada than for many years past. In their old haunts they are more numerous, and they are met with in districts where they have not been seen for many years. The explanation seems to be that the measures taken in recent years to protect big game have done much to relieve the hard lot of the timber wolf in finding food for himself and sustenance for his offspring.

Not only in Northern Ontario and Northern Quebec are wolves found in greater numbers than usual. A despatch from West Duluth tells of a pack of five wolves being seen lying on the ice some distance from shore, hungrily watching men at work on one of the docks. A farmer in Indiana had several sheep killed last month as he supposed by a neighbor's dog, so he got a gun and went across to shoot the animal. The neighbors got into a serious fight, and when taken before a neighboring magistrate, learned that the J. P. had just shot a big timber wolf. The two farmers and the dog are now the best of friends.

George Hampden, a Minnesota farmer, was suddenly attacked by a wolf jumping at him from a brush-heap. He bluffed him off with a club while backing to a tree with a low limb, when he swung himself up, but the wolf got a portion of his coat-tail. Six more wolves came along, and kept him in the tree until some woodmen happened along, when the animals scampered away.

The Wisconsin Legislature last year increased the bounty on wolves. L. D. Tainter brought to Ladysmith, Wis., last week, six wolves and five wildcats, for which he received \$150—\$20 each for the wolves and \$6 each for the wildcats. Marion Smith, a farmer living near Sisseton, South Dakota, is making money wolf-hunting. Recently he shot a pack of five in one day, getting \$15 for the one female and \$10 each for the four males.

North Montana is organizing a wolf-hunt similar to that arranged in Northern Ontario by the C.P.R. The State pays a bounty of \$10 a head for wolves and \$3 for pups. The stockmen have organized and offer a special bounty for those taking part in the wolf-hunt. They offer an additional bounty of \$20 for females, \$10 for males and \$2 for pups. This should make an eager hunt.

It is apparent, therefore, that the present over-supply of wolves is not confined to the northern wilds of Canada, but is general over all the wooded country frequented by these pests. There is joy among the wolves over well observed game laws.

Last week a correspondent gave a useful suggestion as to the manner in which wolves may be successfully hunted. This may be supplemented by a quaint letter to Mr. L. O. Armstrong from Mr. Tom Snowshoe, a well-known character of Garden River, Ont. He wrote as follows, giving city hunters a word of caution: "There is men here that would

hunt wolf and would know how to hunt them. I have been talking to some of the men. Of course, it is a different way to hunt them. When wolf knows you are after them or when you follow their track they go right around and come on the same track. They allway come try catch you from behind, and when they did go right around they jump one side of the track into a brush pile or anywhere they can hide so as you won't see him, and they jump at you, so you got be careful when hunting wolf. If I was talking to you perhaps I could explain this better to you. Of course this is Indian. What I have been told by them, those that I been talking to, Good-bye."

Mountain Sheep Fight Wolves.

THE Alaskan gray wolves travel in pairs and never attack a man unless they are famished," said Harry E. Lee, to a Los Angeles reporter. "The black Siberian wolves generally travel in packs of thirty or forty, with one leader that utters sharp, piercing yelps, and all the others in the herd keep silent."

"I saw a most interesting contest while on the Kenia peninsula between a pack of seven Siberian wolves and two white sheep. I was completely astounded to see these apparently defenceless sheep come out victorious over their seven opponents. It was such a remarkable thing that later I took a company of hunters to the spot and showed them the carcasses of the wolves."

"These sheep keep to the mountains. Whenever they do wander down to the timber they are easily the prey of the wolves. But on the steep cliffs and rugged paths they have an advantage that they know."

"I was travelling up a canon one day, and on the opposite side about a quarter of a mile away I saw two magnificent specimens of the white sheep rushing up the ravine, leaping from point to point, until they finally stopped in a little cove on a ledge, to reach which it was necessary to pass around a narrow path just wide enough for one animal at a time. The cove in which they stopped was eight or ten feet broad."

"I watched their actions with deep interest, and saw them back up closely against the wall of rock with their heads lowered toward the narrow path."

"Soon there came the yelp of the black wolf, and a pack of seven of these animals wheeled up the narrow path. As soon as the first one bounded from the path to the little table-land, biff! one of the sheep butted him over the cliff; then came another and the charge was repeated; and still another, with the sheep bringing his battery to work in great style until actually all seven of the wolves lay at the foot of the great cliff."

"I could scarcely believe my eyes. It was about the cleverest thing I ever saw in fights among animals. Both sheep cautiously moved to the edge of the cliff, looked down on the wolves below and then leisurely turned back and began to browse on some roots that hung from the rocks that had sheltered them."

First Beggar—How is it that you always manage to get something from both of those women on the ground floor of that apartment house?

Second Beggar—Dead easy! I ring both bells at the same time. Both women come to the doors at the same time and each one wants to outdo the other.—Translated from Meggendorfer Blatter.

Interchangeable Parts

By
B. A. Clarke



WHEN Mr. Tyrell heard of the friendship that had sprung up between his ten-year-old son and a common boy, he, like a good parent, forbade it sternly.

"Why," said Claude, "he is a very nice boy."

"Nice boy! A child from the gutter!"

"He isn't truly. He lives at the very top of a house."

"Your mother has seen him; she says he is quite ragged."

"Well, he isn't!" (the small boy spoke vehemently—almost rudely). "He mends his own clothes, but he isn't ragged. Whenever there is a hole that shows he sews it up at once."

"I am surprised at you, when you have a nice home, wanting such a companion; and as to bringing him into this house—which I hear you did—it is a wonder we were not robbed."

"Bunny Ford is not a thief, and he isn't a cad, either. Some boys would call him a cad, but he isn't; he is chivalrous. Mayn't I go to tea with him on Saturday?"

"Absurd; you will be asking him here to tea next. You must tell him at once that you are to have nothing more to do with him."

"What can I say?"

"Anything. Goodness me! it is easy enough. He must find some boys in his own class to play with."

"I can't without hurting his feelings."

Mr. Tyrell laughed derisively, and, indeed, the notion of a boy who does his own mending and lives in a garret having feelings is sufficiently ridiculous.

Claude went out into the garden and mused. It was a bright afternoon, and he was very miserable. The sun streamed down gaily upon the flower-beds, as if no friendship had just been murdered. And Claude had to piece together a verbal garment wherein to bury it—a garment that should hide the scars and make it appear that the poor slain friendship had died naturally. He made little progress, but from his cogitations one conclusion emerged—that it was as impossible to defy his father as to obey him literally. Claude had lent the Rabbit a really fine collection of lead soldiers, the arrangement being that Claude should call for them on the Saturday afternoon and stop to tea. This would have been explained but for Mr. Tyrell's innuendo about the Rabbit's honesty. As it was, the youngster feared a fresh outburst should his father hear of this crowning imprudence.

Claude, even now, did not consider it imprudence. In spite of what had been said, he did not believe the Rabbit to be a thief—so loth are children to take their opinions about friends from wiser grown-up people who have not seen them.

He would not stop to tea, but would explain the situation, bring away his treasures, and be back before his father returned from town. Unfortunately for the small boy, Mr. Tyrell returned very early on that particular Saturday, and caught a glimpse of him in an up-train. Suspecting Claude's errand, he took a ticket to King's Cross and followed his son a quarter of an hour behind. He knew where to go—indeed, it was his seeing an envelope with a weird address in Claude's handwriting that had first opened his eyes.

When Claude reached his friend's abode he found the garret door locked.

"He always locks the door when he goes out, and takes the key," said a woman on the floor below. "He is that old-fashioned you never saw. I expect he will be back soon."

"All right," said Claude cheerfully, and to pass the time away he went for a short walk.

While Mr. Tyrell is approaching from the Trafalgar Road there is time for a word about Roger Ford's very remarkable gift. He had a wholly unaccountable power over adults. Men and women are commonly considered grown-up children, but that is not quite correct, for the child is still there, just as it was twenty, forty, or sixty years ago—there, but asleep. Now and again, at rare intervals, the slumber is broken. The Rabbit had this strange faculty—he would call and the for-

gotten child must answer. To him every adult was a possible playfellow. He would lure respectable tradesmen from their carts to play cricket with him against lamp-posts, and by chalking geometrical figures upon the pavement could draw purple-faced matrons into them, and set them jiggling up and down, kicking little stones.

"I wonder how I come to do that?" they would say, when they paused, gasping and out of breath. "I haven't played 'hop-scotch' since I was a slip of a gel."

And now Mr. Tyrell was to fall. He was nearing his destination—had turned from the Trafalgar Road into Lytton Street (from which Berger Court branches) when he met a small, bareheaded boy, kicking an empty condensed milk tin with so admirable a burlesque of a tricky Association forward that Mr. Tyrell laughed aloud. The child did not kick and run only, but combined these motions with a dancing step that seemed the very rhythm of dancing blood. Mr. Tyrell as he watched became entangled. His toes tingled. As the player passed, the man shot out his left foot and deprived him of the tin.

"There is nothing to grin about," said the child (Mr. Tyrell was smiling with elation); "I could take it away from you."

Claude's father looked at the empty tin longingly and then kicked it tentatively. The child charged him and was repulsed.

"Really," said Mr. Tyrell to himself, "I am playing remarkably well." He walked some twenty yards, keeping the improvised football just in front of him, and repelling all attempts to dispossess him. Approaching a lamp-post, he took a flying shot and scored a goal.

"I could whack you at other games," said the street child.

"What are they?"

"In the room where I live there are splendid games. I'll show you."

He danced along, Mr. Tyrell following, his feet unconsciously adapting themselves to the child's hop and skip. When the boy entered a house the man paused at the door, wondering what the parents would say (as a child Mr. Tyrell had always been shy with adults); but his conductor looked over the bannisters with a finger crooked so cunningly that follow he must. At the top of the house the guide unlocked a door and ushered him into a garret. In the corner was a deal table covered with lead soldiers.

"They don't fight like that," said Mr. Tyrell. "Why don't you extend them in open order on the floor, or put them into a fort?"

"I have bricks," said the Rabbit, displaying a large box that his school teacher had lent him.

"Good!" said Mr. Tyrell. "Give me half the bricks and half the soldiers, and I will lick you as I did at football. Have you peashooters and peas?"

"Rather."

Having built and manned their forts, the opponents took up positions to the right and left of them respectively, so that they could shoot diagonally without fear of hitting one another. Mr. Tyrell's sprawl upon the floor was a recollection of the days when he had shot at Wimbledon.

In the battle that ensued, the methods of the combatants were widely dissimilar. The Rabbit, who kept his mouth full of peas, relied upon rapidity of fire, his antagonist trusting in high muzzle velocity and a low trajectory. His lung power was great, even for a man, and he exercised it to the full, his neck and forehead becoming like those of a conscientious cornet-player obliging with "The Lost Chord." Beneath his bombardment walls bulged and parapets went crashing down upon the soldiers behind them. A glorious sense of power came to Mr. Tyrell. Nothing, he felt, could live under his pitiless cannonade.

The moment came when he could claim a victory.

"You haven't won! You haven't won!" shrieked the Rabbit. "Mine are not all dead."

He pointed to one (a corpse obviously) at an angle of forty degrees, whose bayonet, wedged between bricks, prevented his falling to the ground.

Mr. Tyrell vainly argued the point,

but in the end lay down again sulkily and resumed firing. It was in vain. Protected by a heap of debris the corpse could defy him indefinitely, and while he was wasting ammunition a lucky shot by the Rabbit laid low a whole company. Considering that the war was really over, this was virtually murder.

Mr. Tyrell sprang to his feet.

"That man of yours has been dead ever so long. I will not go on with such foolishness."

"Then I win," said Roger Ford.

"How can you say such a thing? You are trying to best me."

"It's you that are cheating!"

They were still wrangling when the door opened and Claude strode into the room. Coming upstairs, and hearing his father's angry voice, he had fancied that his disobedience was being visited upon Roger; but a pause upon the threshold—a pardonable hesitation in the circumstances—enlightened him. His father—that Olympian, whom he worshipped rather than loved—was playing and quarrelling upon equal terms with a child from the streets—a mere ragamuffin!

"Thank you, I will take my soldiers," he said, speaking in the most icy and adult tone (in jealousy there is only one age), and kneeling down began to pack them swiftly into their box.

The two late antagonists looked on, nervous and embarrassed.

"That was my father you were playing with!"

"No, I don't!"

"Why not?"

Mr. Tyrell was standing behind Roger Ford, and over the latter's head he made piteous appeals to his son not to answer. He was still so far back in his childhood that it seemed a dreadful thing the susceptibility of his little playmate should be wounded.

Claude noticed his appeals, but ignored them pointedly. He addressed the Rabbit—

"Can't you find some friends of your own class to play with?"

The Rabbit stood for a second with his mouth open, the stab was so unexpected, and then flushed painfully.

"Perhaps you don't think me good enough to play with your father?"

"You are not."

Mr. Tyrell had never felt so ashamed of a son in his life. He drew the Rabbit into a corner.

"Don't mind, don't mind," he whispered. "It is I that have offended him."

"Is he cross with you for playing in the streets?"

"So you were playing before you came in here," said Claude. "Did you know who you both were?"

It was an awkward question—awkwardly put and very awkward to answer—for the man, at an rate.

But it was a tradition in the Tyrell family to always tell the truth—even with the adults—and Claude's father confessed everything.

"I have a real football at home. You need not have kicked a condensed milk tin."

Then he began counting his soldiers.

"Perhaps," said the Rabbit bitterly, "you think I would steal things."

"No," shouted Mr. Tyrell, afraid of what Claude might say. "No one could possibly think such a thing."

Really there was a point beyond which he would not have his play-fellow insulted.

Claude put the box of soldiers under his arm, and, without another word, marched out of the room, his father following.

"Come, Claude," said Mr. Tyrell, as they walked along the Trafalgar Road, "perhaps it is natural for you to resent my picking up with street children, but I saw little Ford playing and had to join in."

"You never wanted to play with me."

"I have played with you scores of

times." And so, in a sort, Mr. Tyrell had, surrendering every point with an effortless self-abnegation that made games intolerable.

"You never quarrelled with me." Mr. Tyrell affected to laugh, but he understood perfectly. He had never played with Claude in the same sense in which he had with this stranger.

"Anyhow," he said lamely, "you might have broken it off in some other way. Roger was not to blame, and you have as good as told him that we despise him."

"I am sorry," said Claude.

His anger was melting and he was fast becoming juvenile again. At this precise moment, in the matter of sensitiveness, he was scarcely a year older than his father.

"When I saw you playing like that with him I was mad, but I am sorry now about his feelings."

"Can't we go back," said Mr. Tyrell, "and make it up?"

"I will go," said Claude. "I will go by myself."

"Good-bye, then. But, Claude, would you mind my asking him up one night to tea?"

"I will ask him for Tuesday."

It was not until some hours afterwards that it struck Mr. Tyrell that on Tuesday he would be out of town, and that Claude knew it. On the whole, however, the arrangement pleased him. He was back now in middle age, and nothing, he thought, was so boring and embarrassing as the visits of Claude's little friends.

Reverie.

They swiftly come, they swiftly pass,
The shadow pictures in the smoke,
Like mirrored faces on the glass
Of foregone folk.

And as they glide and slip away
Into the amaranthine streams
I vainly plead—they will not stay
To wake my dreams.

A gleaming aureole and bright
Surrounds a face with dimples fair;
It dances in the firelight,
And passes there.

Dreams, dreams, sweet dreams! They ebb and flow

And pass away in rings of smoke;
Fond pictures of the long ago
And foregone folk.

—Horace Seymour Keller in New York Sun.

Sugar cane crops are harvested by hand in Cuba, no successful machinery having been devised for this, says The Travel Magazine. The cane cutters sever the stalk from the root just below the ground so as to leave the root protected. It is not necessary to plant new cane for a number of years. As each crop is cut off another appears. This is kept up in good ground for ten, fifteen or more years. Field hands transfer the cut cane to ox-carts, driven right into the field, then it is taken to a scale, weighed and transferred to cars on a switch of the railroad.

Visitor to the West Indies (who has been warned against bathing in the river because of alligators, but has been told by the boatman that there are none at the river's mouth)—By Jove, this is ripping! But, I say, how do you know there are no alligators here?

Boatman—Well, you see, sah, de alligator am so turr'ble feared ob de shark!—Punch.

Tim Dolan went West and took up government land. A few years later his brother Tom visited him, and as they were going over the somewhat unkempt farm Tom said:

"And how are ye getting on, Tim?"

"Sure," replied Tim, "and I'm doing well. I'm holding my own. I had nothing when I came here, and I have nothing now."—Lippincott's.

While little Christabel and her yet smaller sister were playing, her mother was announcing to grandma: "Our neighbor, Mrs. P., has a new baby."

Instantly Christabel turned in eager excitement.

"Oh, mamma," she asked, "what is she going to do with her old one?"—Exchange.

Caller—What's the matter, old man? Has anything happened?

Host (groaning)—Oh, nothing—only, when I was called upon at the club for my maiden speech last night I began, "As I was sitting on my thought a seat struck me," and spoiled everything!"—Lippincott's.

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JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

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SATURDAY NIGHT is a twenty-page illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers. It aims to be a wholesome paper for healthy people.

OFFICE: SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING, Adelaide Street West Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Telephone (Private Branch Exchange connects with all Departments.) Main 6640

EASTERN BRANCH OFFICE:

Board of Trade Building, (Tel. Main 285) MONTREAL.

LONDON, ENGLAND, BRANCH OFFICE

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Vol 20 TORONTO, CANADA, FEBRUARY 2, 1907. No. 13

Points About People

OR some reason or other the opening of the Legislature with its annual military display always attracts more attention than its close when precisely similar pomp and ceremony is observed. The first event attracts a tremendous throng, in the second all the red cloth and gold braid is displayed to a mere handful of officials. A few years ago, however, the legislature came within an ace of being wound up without any display of military whatever, much to the alarm of many officials who love ceremony. Owing to the illness of Oliver Mowat, then Lieutenant Governor, Chief Justice Armour was sworn in as administrator, with power to assent to bills and prorogue the house. When the day set for closing approached and he was asked to select the officers for his guard of honor he bluntly declared that he would exercise his powers and dispense with a guard of honor. This was a sore blow to lovers of ceremony. It might become a precedent and the glories of the opening day vanish also. Finally yielding to the prayers of one or two old friends he consented to the guard, but on prorogation he made a protest against formalities in a unique way. He wore neither his judge's robes, nor his Queen's Council coat but donned the most democratic old suit in his wardrobe, and the most plainly attired man in the chamber read the assent from the throne.

HON. J. P. WHITNEY when he was leader of the opposition used to evince a similar distaste for display, though he did not carry it into practical effect as did the late Chief Justice. In the years of hot campaigning preceding his victory he was the centre of many demonstrations organized by local associations in various parts of the province. Anything sadder or more pained than the countenance of Mr. Whitney as he sat with the local candidate in the first hack following the brass band could hardly be imagined. It may have been the effect of the band which, on such occasions is apt to be rather exasperating, but the general opinion was that Mr. Whitney did not like processions, even although he has the rank of colonel of reserves. He has been known to dodge a five-mile parade to a political picnic and get a friend to drive him over by a short cut. On one occasion, at Sault Ste. Marie, seeing the future premier being driven to the town hall in a carriage drawn by four white horses, preceded by a full military band, some newspaper men who knew of his aversion to such a tribute started a mighty cheer. Mr. Whitney turned on them with a glance that said as plainly as words: "Don't; you're making yourselves look as foolish as I do sitting up here."

LAST week a story was told relating how Sir John Macdonald rather unfeelingly disappointed a man to whom he had promised a government position. Unfortunately Sir John is not alone in this respect. Many public men have become entangled in similar situations and have resorted to similar equivocal methods of getting out of the dilemma. The following story, told by a gentleman at present high in the civil service in Ottawa, illustrates how callous in this matter public men may become. The official in question said before '96 there had been a man who had done him many services for which, at the time, he was unable in any way to repay him. With the change in government, he had secured, however, his position in Ottawa, and his previous benefactor, who suffered a reverse, wrote and asked him for a situation. He really felt, he said, in all honor he must do something for him, but at the time

there was nothing available, so he wrote and promised a situation in a couple of months. A couple of months elapsed and nothing appeared, so he put him off with similar promises. This occurred again. One morning he read in the paper that the man had died. Now, he thought, was the time to square himself with the family at least, without much trouble to himself, so he dictated a letter to the dead man informing him that he had at length secured a good position for him and to come to Ottawa at once.

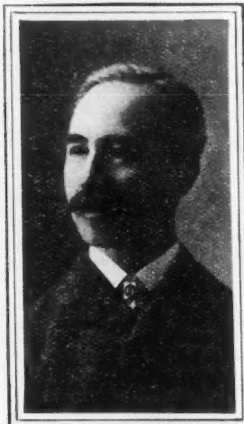
Possibly the widow suspected the ruse, at any rate, the letter came back to Ottawa, and written across the bottom were the words, "He died while waiting."

IN the federal elections of 1896, Mr. A. G. McKay (afterwards in the Ontario cabinet) did yeoman service for the Liberal party in the county of Grey. He had a pair of spirited horses and used to drive out from Owen Sound ten or fifteen miles every evening to address meetings. One night when he was returning very late with a friend, after giving a political address, the horses stopped suddenly and refused to go forward. Mr. McKay applied the whip but to no avail. Finally the other gentleman in the carriage climbed down and discovered the cause of their obduracy. The township through which they were passing had been repairing the roads in that section and had carelessly left a deep culvert open and neglected to fence off the road. To have driven into it would have probably meant broken limbs at the least. Considerably moved over their narrow escape, McKay's companion told him what was the matter.

McKay heard him in silence and when he concluded remarked: "What a splendid chance we've lost for suing the corporation."

MR. D. ADAIR of Montreal, one of the officers of the Commercial Travellers' Association, is one of the chief spokesmen of the movement among travellers for a change in the election laws that will permit travellers to vote by mail. There are about twenty thousand commercial travellers in Canada, more than half of them in Ontario, and over one-third of them in and around Toronto. These men are better qualified than most to vote intelligently on public questions of the day because of their constant movements over the country in places big and little and their contact with almost every interest in the business of the country.

They are not as a rule partisans, but sharp observers, and disposed to vote on information, not on prejudice. But thousands of these men are unable to vote because they are absent from their homes on polling day. Mr. Adair and those associated with him in the movement, have devised a plan whereby travellers could be allowed to vote by mail without risk of unfairness to anybody. The traveller would carry with him from his home town a duplicate which he could have filled in and duly executed before a notary public in any part of Canada and sent by registered mail to the returning officer. Not only would the adoption of this plan enable many travellers to vote who are now disfranchised by absence, but it would relieve many who now vote of expense and inconvenience.



MR. D. ADAIR
"Let Commercial Travellers
Vote by Mail."

MR. GEORGE P. GRAHAM, the newly elected leader of the Liberal opposition in the Ontario Legislature in succession to Hon. George W. Ross, who has been called to the Senate at Ottawa, is a comparatively young man, being yet in his forties. Mr. Graham is editor of the Brockville Daily Recorder, and is a good writer and speaker. He has been, since he first entered the Legislature, one of its most popular members. Although he was a member of the Ross Government, he is not injured in the failure with which that administration ended, because he was only a junior member and entered the cabinet too late to affect its destiny. The new leader has made a speech outlining in a general way the policy for which he stands, and of this speech people are speaking favorably. One of his points touched on the greatest reform, perhaps, that the age demands: a stop being put to the over-capitalization of companies.



MR. GEO. P. GRAHAM
New leader of the Liberal
Opposition in Ontario.

WHEN the Canadian Press Association, which holds its annual convention in Toronto during the coming week, held an excursion to the Pacific coast a few years ago, Mr. Dan Burke of Port Arthur was a member of the party. As the train drew into one of the small places in the far West known to the travelling newspaper men for nothing except that at that point a clever but erratic little weekly paper was published, Mr. Burke and several other pressmen walked out on the car steps. There was not the usual crowd at the station, only one man idling there. "Well, say," called out Mr. Burke to his fellow travellers, "that clever, lazy, ragamuffin, drunken local editor ought to be down here to meet us at this point."

"So he is," exclaimed the solitary idler on the station platform. "I am he."

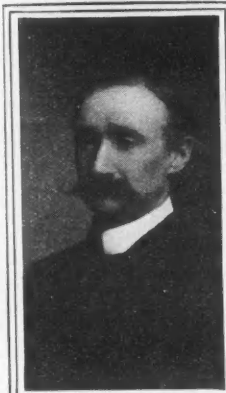
MR. EDMUND E. SHEPPARD of Toronto, formerly editor of SATURDAY NIGHT, paid a visit to British Guiana, at the time when Sir Alexander Swettenham, who has made such a stir in Jamaica, was Governor of that colony. Mr. Sheppard carried letters of introduction to Governor Swettenham which were duly presented, and received in reply a polite invitation to come up to breakfast the next morning. On mentioning this to a local acquaintance, Mr. Sheppard was told: "You will not see him at all; he will let you breakfast with his secretary."

"Sure enough," says Mr. Sheppard, "when I presented myself next morning it was the secretary who received me and expressed the Governor's extreme regret that he was not feeling well that morning and would be represented by his secretary. It was a very nice breakfast,

and the secretary had been instructed to put me in possession of all possible information I might desire."

"No," said Mr. Sheppard, "I didn't meet the Governor during my visit. But I heard a great deal about him. When he first came there he was soon very much disliked, but at the time of my visit he had got the finances of the colony on a basis scarcely known before; he was down on graft in any form, and opinion had swung around strongly in his favor. He was not loved, but admired as a strong, useful man."

NEXT Thursday, the 7th of February, will be the 95th anniversary of the birth of Charles Dickens. The little eight-roomed house at Portsea, where the novelist first saw the light on February 7, 1812, was purchased by the city of Portsmouth about three years ago, and a Dickens Museum has been established there. The birthday of Boz will be celebrated by the branches of the Dickens Fellowship throughout the world. This society has now about forty branches. There are two Canadian branches, at Winnipeg and Toronto, and a branch is about to be inaugurated at Ottawa. Since its organization in May, 1905, the Toronto branch has grown steadily, and is now the largest in America with a present membership of three hundred. Its officers are: Hon. president, Prof. Goldwin Smith; president, E. S. Williamson; vice-presidents, J. W. Bengough, F. M. Bell-Smith, A. M. Denovan, and J. B. Harris; Hon. secretary-treasurer, Miss M. Pennell, 214 Gerrard street east. The birthday celebration of the branch will take the form of a banquet at McConkey's next Thursday night. All lovers of Dickens are invited, and may secure tickets from the secretary.



MR. A. E. SMYTHE,
New President Toronto Press
Club.

these pages as a writer of

IN Toronto there is a Press Club of which little is said in the newspapers because it is understood that it was not organized to make work for reporters, there being enough of that already.

Informal dinners are held about once a fortnight, and one or two guests, more or less distinguished, make short speeches on subjects that they would like to place clearly before the assembled writers of the press. The annual elections of the Club have just been held, and Mr. Albert E. S. Smythe of The World was elected president for 1907. Mr. Smythe represents his paper in the press gallery at the Legislature. Before coming to Toronto Mr. Smythe had some experience as a newspaper contributor in Belfast, Glasgow, and Chicago, and he will be known to many readers of excellent verse.

In looking over the events of the past year the business men of Lloyds and shipping circles generally have no hesitation in fastening upon the salvage of the Allan line "Bavarian" in the Gulf of St. Lawrence as the most important case of the year, says The Canadian Gazette. Underwriters and the marine insurance companies are naturally much interested in the success of the compressed air system based on the method of building piers below the water-line, which was used for the first time in the case of the "Bavarian." Some of them indeed assert that many vessels written off as lost could be salvaged in this way. A somewhat similar method was, it seems, adopted by the Japanese in their efforts to raise the battleship "Mikasa," which was sunk at her anchorage at Sasebo after the conclusion of the war with Russia. The London correspondent of the Manchester Guardian tells an interesting story of that salvage. On one of the barges above the submerged wreck was placed a model of the explosion-rent hull. It was an exact duplicate, holes and all. As the submarine workers completed a patch over one of the numerous rents in the "Mikasa's" plates, the corresponding hole in the model was covered over. A glance at the model showed in an instant how the work was progressing. When every rent in the model had been covered powerful pumps emptied the submerged sealed shell of the water, and up it came.

The readers of The Petit Parisien of Paris have been polling for the greatest men of the last century, and they have decided that the biggest of them all is Pasteur. After him comes Victor Hugo, then Gambetta, and fourth only, the great Napoleon. Evidently, he who kills on the grand scale is less than he who cures in France, which is as it ought to be. Still, if that tunnel were made across the English channel and anything nasty happened, the French would want the Napoleon rather than the Pasteur, wouldn't they?—even though the latter could grow the most noxious microbes on the spot and inoculate the invading host. Yet it is curious by what reasoning Gambetta comes before Napoleon—the man of words before the man of deeds. It must be because Gambetta died the later of the two. Oddly enough, the more recent the funeral, the greater the popularity. The London Sketch in referring to the matter says: "In England, we should have little difficulty in penning a list equivalent to the ten greatest of France—Lister, Darwin, Spencer, Gladstone, Kelvin, Wellington, Roberts, Tennyson, Stanley, and Livingstone are as good a team as any nation could produce. If you asked for a present list of great men, you would certainly find C. B. Fry and Harry Vardon. The sportsman is the great man of the twentieth century."

A great deal of heated discussion has been evoked by the action of President Roosevelt in disbanding "without honor" a body of negro soldiers belonging to the United States army. It is the opinion of a good many American papers that the President was not within his rights in removing the offenders from the jurisdiction of the civil courts. Others ask that if the President can dismiss a regiment, can he, on his own initiative, dismiss a division, or the whole army? In referring to the matter the Montreal Witness remarks: "The President of the United States is no limited monarch like the King of England. If King Edward were to undertake to disband a regiment, great would be the consternation in the Empire. The first question would be whether the King had gone crazy, and the next what was to be done with the crown."

It is said that a Chinese woman living in Victoria, B.C., is making a claim to the throne of China. She is a Manchun, and married an English officer of Gordon's army. She is not making public her name, fearing that her relatives in China might be done to death but she asserts that she is a descendant in direct line of the third Duke of Chon, and that her lineage gives her a better right to the throne than that of the Dowager Empress.



THE DESCENT TO MAN.

"Are you aware, Sir, that your dog has bitten this child?"

"Well, the boy's been aggravating him; and, after all, the dog's only human!"—Punch.

MR. DOOLEY ON SIR ALECK

BY FINLEY PETER DUNNE

[It is to be remembered that Mr. Dooley speaks from a Chicago standpoint. This journal publishes his views on the Jamaica episode because they are very interesting, but without concurring in them.—E.P.D.]

"WELL, Sir," said Mr. Dooley, "a hand across th' sea has been extended to us again. We rayceived it under th' ear."

"Did ye read about it? Ye didn't? Well, 'twas this way. Our fellow-Anglo-Saxons own an island somewhere beyant Cuba where they raise rum, molasses, ginger, an' naygurs fr' th' export trade. 'Tis fr'm there we get th' sturdy blacks that ma' be seen anny day smoking cigarets an' playin' cards while diggin' th' Pannyma Canal. It's a vallyable little Pearl iv th' Ant-Hills, and if England had a few more iv thim she'd be broke. Well, th' other day an earthquake come along an' shook it up. It muts've been a good deal iv a jolt fr' almost as many people were kilt be it as die in this country anny cold day fr'm not havin' good enough shoes. It was pretty bad, an' we're a good-hearted people at heart, d'ye mind, an' ivrybody, even thim unhappy people that can't be sure they are Anglo-Saxons on account iv their parentage, were in favor iv doin' somethin' fr' th' poor creatures."

"Us Anglo-Saxons looked on it another way. 'Twas not to nurse th' injured nor feed th' hungry that we called on th' Prisdint to send ships to Kingston, but 'twas to bind up th' wounds in wan iv th' extremities iv our Mother Country. Th' Anglo-Saxon union invited contributions through its Chairman, th' Hon. Isaac Guggenheim. Th' Prisdint with tears in his eyes ordered Bob Evans to send somebody else to Jamaica to help our cousins an' prove again that blood is stickier than water. He did not think 'twas wise to send Bob Evans himself so soon after th' earthquake. Bob Evans picked out a la-ad be th' name iv Davis, an' he got together our warships an' rushed off to Kingston."

"'Twas all right. If there was an Englishman in trouble in th' next house I'd try to fr'get what his folks done to mine an' no wan wud be quicker to his bedside thim this Anglo-Saxon. What I'd do to him after he got out iv th' hospital might be diff'rent. I have gr-reat feelin' fr' human sufferin' an' I don't know that I don't feel sorrier fr' an Englishman in trouble thim fr' annywan else. I've got to keep fr'm laughin'. Besides, if there's wan use I'd like to put a warship to it wud be to make a grocery wagon or an ambulance out iv it. I wish whin th' Prisdint gets through usin' th' navy to relieve foreign distress that on'y feels relieved whin th' navy goes away, he'd instruct it to sail up th' canal to Ar-rhey Road prepared to hurl a broadside iv overcoats, boots, condensed milk, an' flannel bandages at our neighborhood. Since this cold snap set in we've been a somewhat stricken community ourselves."

"Well, away went Admiral Davis an' steamed into Kingston Harbor an' as a first aid to th' injured made a searchlight display an' fired th' customary salute iv four hundred an' eight guns. It was arly in th' evenin', an' th' Gor'nor havin' issued proclamations relievin' distress until teatime, was enjoyin' a well-earned slumber. But he got up at wanst an' rayturned th' compliment in th' most gracious terms. He wrote a note to th' Admiral as follows: 'Shut up ye'er darn guns an' git out iv here. Ye make my head ache.'

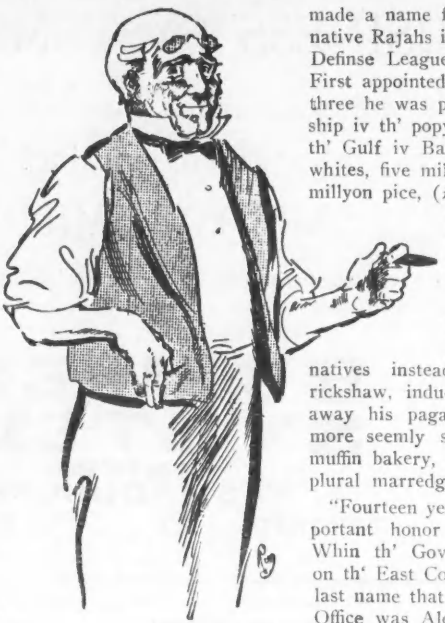
"Th' Admiral, bein' an Anglo-Saxon fr'm Boston, where Jawny Fitz, is Mayor, was much moved by this delicate complimint, an' havin' fired another salute iv two hundred an' four guns fr' th' Gov'nor's secrecy an' instructed th' band to play 'Gawd Save th' King,' he went ashore. On his way to th' ruined capital he came across a boatload iv American citizens takin' refuge fr'm a British ship on th' wobbly but more frindly land. Th' feelin' iv th' native-born Anglo-Saxons on board this ship toord their cousins was so strong an' warm that they wud not permit thim to share th' rigors iv life on th' perloous waves, with an awful smell iv cookin' comin' fr'm th' galley an' nawthin' to sleep in but cots. No, Sir. They insisted that they accept th' hospitality iv a neighboring dock, Sir Alf Jones even pressin' th' hospitality so far as to threaten to throw thim overboard if they didn't lave at wanst."

"Ye may guess, Hinmissy, what a sacrifice our cousins were makin' to men an' women that they'd never met before nor hoped to meet again, but that were bound to thim be a language common to both, though spoken through diff'rent features iv th' face. Fr' th' luxurious dock was open to th' gin'rous sun be day an' th' kindly moon be night, it had never been used except to store molasses, rum, an' colored gentlemen, an' 'twas swept be ocean breezes always, be th' ignoble broom seldom. Our fellow citizens were so much gratified be this almost overwhelming outburst iv hearty old English hospitality that they passed resolutions askin' th' United States Government to land supplies in Kingston be inclosin' thim in twelve-inch shells an' shootin' thim at th' Gov'nor's palace."

"Th' Admiral proceeded on shore an' want to make an official call on th' Gov'nor. Th' reception was characteristic iv that old-fashioned good cheer that commerce an' th' greed iv Americans is destroyin'. Th' Admiral was allowed to stand in th' outside office fr' as long a time as he wanted. 'James, tell him I've gone away to stay till nineteen hundred an' eight.'

"Here, Hinmissy, I'd like to read ye a sketch iv this gr-reat man that has done so much to bind two sister nations in a perfect knot an' to show that though blood may be thicker thin water, heads are thicker still. Sir Aleck Sweatingham was born in Fotheringham Court Road in th' year eighteen thirty-four. He was a member iv an illustrious family that had not been out iv th' parish fr' four cinchies. Arly in life he showed traits that marked him fr' a diplomatic career. No wan cud get along with him. At six he kicked a maiden lady who offered him gingerbread; at nine he bit th' parson who tried to make him a present iv a dhrum. Such traits cud not be lightly be pushed aside. It was clear that he was destined be nature to rule over th' swarthy tribes upon whom alone the sun iv England sets an' sets hard."

"While still a mere youth he was dispatched to th' Island iv Boolooloo, in th' Indyan Sea, where he soon



made a name fr' himself be formin' th' native Rajahs into a Church iv England Defense League. His rise was rapid. First appointed in thirty-four, in sixty-three he was promoted to th' Gov'norship iv th' populous Island iv Gazip, in th' Gulf iv Baf; population, 1860, two whites, five millyon blacks; salary, two millyon pice, (£50.) In rulin' this difficult province he made a gr-reat repytation, which extended as far as th' borders iv Swat. A mn iv iron, cold an' hard, he intrajooed hansom cabs dhrwn be natives instead iv th' old-fashioned rickshaw, induced th' Rajah to throw away his pagan turban an' adopt th' more seemly stovepipe hat, started a muffin bakery, an' took steps to abolish plural marriages."

"Fourteen years later a still more important honor was lavished on him. Whin th' Gov'norship iv Plaugetown, on th' East Coast, was made vacant th' last name that occurred to th' Colonial Office was Aleck Sweatingham, an' he was appointed. After survivin' fr' fifteen years in this arjoos post he was again promoted at th' request iv th' on'y other white man in th' colony, an' rayceived th' important post iv Gov'nor iv Jamaica, an honor which few achieve an' still fewer desire. This completes th' career iv th' gr-reat man, which may soon be r-rounded out be his bein' fired. Ivrywhere he went he made frinds where he'd been before. In all th' countries where he ruled he left a repytation fr' janiality an' repose. At last, he never had it with him whin he showed up at th' new job."

"It was this mighty statesman that our humble Admiral tried to meet. Admiral Davis was overcome by his rayception. We don't expect our dear cousins to gush over us. They ar-re more self-contained thim we ar-re. Behind their rugged chests beat warm an' gin'rous hearts, but they find it hard to say annything pleasant without chokin', an' Admiral Davis was surprised as well as charmed iv Aleck's greetings. He said he had never met so polite an Englishman. In his gratchood he landed troops to dhrive naygur prisoners back into jail, put up awnings on stores, an' hitch th' horses to th' street cars in th' annihilated city. He was amazed to receive almost instantly an effusive dispatch in th' followin' language: 'Get out iv here or I'll heave arf a brick at ye.' Th' Admiral replied: 'Gawd bless ye fr' ye'er kind wurruds. It is a happiness to me to meet ye'er Excellency's approval. It shows that we are bound together be ties iv common brotherhood an' th' common language iv Shakespeare an' others. I have th' honor to rayport that th' fleet under my command has put up a tent, started two grocers in business, an' protected a safe fr'm bein' robbed.'

"To which Aleck replied heartily: 'I don't know what th' divlle ye mane be a common language, but if ye're not out iv here by noon ye'll hear some language that's commoner thim anny iver used be Shakespeare, whoever he may be. Get out, I say. Chase ye'erself. Beat it to th' deep sea. If ye don't hurry I'll send a naygur polisman to run ye in. If anny safe was took ye stole it ye'erself an' have it hid now in wan iv ye'er scows. I've a good mind to go aboard an' search ye. Mis'able Yankee, fry,' says he. 'Take th' eastern channel,' he says. 'There are rocks there an' some sharks,' he says."

"Admiral Davis cud not thrust himself to a reply in writing. He went at wanst to call on th' gallant an' courteous ripsintive iv his Majesty. What passed between the two envoys iv th' wurruld's powers will never be known. It was too sacred to be repeated. It is enough to say that whin Admiral Davis come fr'm th' mansion th' Gor'nor's right eye was black with grief an' he carried a large an' vallyable axe which he was thyrin' to prisent to th' Admiral. Th' Constitution frbids our officers acceptin' presints fr' doin' their jooty simply an' well. That night, havin' completed their errand iv mercy, th' fleet sailed away, an' so strong was th' feelin' aboard th' ships in th' harbor that not a sound issued fr'm thim. Admiral Davis was highly pleased with th' episode. Those who heard his comments say he is splendidly qualified to fill Bob Evan's place in th' hearts iv th' American Navy."

"An' there ye ar-re, Hinmissy; another link forged in th' claim that hooks us up to our Motherland. It is such occurrences that makes us know that though a sturdy Briton may be slow in speech, he still cherishes th' proper feelin' to'rd this country. Better th' bluff kick in th' eye thim th' soft answer that turneth away our wrath an' th' kick in th' eye afterward. Aleck has cleared up a good many doubts in my mind iv where



The New Electrobus, London, Eng.

The London Electrobus Company have just placed a large number of their new omnibuses, as shown in the above photograph, on the streets of London. They are fitted with all the latest improvements for running with the least noise, and seem to be a success from the start. Toronto has had a couple of cars of a different style, doing regular service and charging a five cent fare. There will be a great development in this system of transportation in all our large cities.

we stand. If we're cousins at all, Jake Schiff an' Prisdint Hadley an' I belong to an infeeyor branch iv th' family an' ought to be treated as such. Besides knowin' how relations act to'rd each other, if I've got to be anny kind iv relation let it be as distant as possible. I'm sorry they're goin' to fire Aleck. He's a good man who's done somethin' fr' th' wurruld. I'm sorry fr' thim if they fire him, fr' they'll have to take him home. If they want to punish him they ought to make him perpetchool Gov'nor iv Jamaica."

"What did they want to send th' navy fr', annyhow?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Maybe ye're right," said Mr. Dooley. "I think me-silf this navy iv ours is gettin' into th' habit iv runnin' to fires. It's all right to rescue people fr'm a burnin' buildin', but I think I'd wait till I was asked. Maybe th' man wud rather be burned to death thim have a cousin rescue him an' have it th' talk iv th' family fr' tin years."

Harriman in the Lime Light.

A FEW years ago E. H. Harriman, the railway magnate, was practically unknown. At the present moment he is being given more publicity than perhaps any other man in America. His method of becoming a dominating figure in the railroad world is thus described: "He gets control of a railroad, issues bonds on it, and with the proceeds buys another railroad, on which he issues bonds, with the proceeds of which he buys a third railroad, and so on." In six years this strange man, whose personality is somewhat of a mystery, has secured control of railways to an extent that is almost unbelievable."

The Wall Street Journal suggests that he is perhaps the most powerful individual in the United States, not even excepting the President. The powers of the latter are carefully restricted by a written constitution, and his every act is subjected to the white light of publicity. But Mr. Harriman, it argues, is practically dictator of a great railway system representing more than a billion dollars of capital, with power absolute and unquestioned until the present investigation began. In the first place, it seems, the directors of the Union Pacific surrendered to him authority to borrow such sums of money as might be needed and to pledge the securities of the company as collateral for any notes which he might sign. With this authority he started in to buy and sell stocks by the hundred million, "making as little of it," says the Philadelphia Inquirer, "as a woman buying a dozen eggs." By his genius and daring in finance he secured controlling interests in various roads, notably the Southern Pacific, the Oregon Short Line, and the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company. In the past six months, by the expenditure of \$103,000,000, he has bought stock in seven other roads. Now, according to C. M. Keys, a writer in The World's Work, he is the head of over 25,000 miles of American railroad and has on his pay-rolls more than twice as many men as there are in the standing army of the United States. In short, "he has ceased to be an individual; he has become a national figure, perhaps a national menace." Even more startling is the estimate of his power made by The Wall Street Journal since the preliminary hearings of the commission. We read:

"His power is absolute over about 15,000 miles of railroad having a capitalization of about \$1,100,000,000. His authority is very large over 13,000 additional miles of road having a capitalization of \$1,200,000,000, while he has a potent voice in the management of 38,000 miles of road having a capitalization of \$1,600,000,000. Thus directly and indirectly his power extends over one-third of the railroad transportation interests of the United States, and of a very considerable part of this he is an autocrat, and by reason of his autocratic powers over the Union Pacific, and especially his unrestricted power over its finances, his influence over the remaining portion, as well as over the financial markets, is increased."

In addition he controls, it is said, the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, the Portland and Asiatic Steamship Company, and the steamship line from New York to New Orleans formerly known as the Morgan line. The Literary Digest points out that the press of the United States generally seem convinced that even should it be proved that Mr. Harriman has used his extraordinary power beneficently, the very existence of such power in the hands of one man must inevitably arouse the suspicion and antagonism of the nation."

The automobile fatality record for 1906, as compiled by the Chicago Tribune, seems to be second only to that of the railroads. Thirty-four of the larger cities of the country show 134 killed in automobile accidents and 494 injured; these places include New York with 48 killed, Chicago with 15, Philadelphia with 11, and Boston only one, which is the number credited to Springfield. Some 160 other places show 75 killed and 337 injured, making a total of 209 killed and 851 injured. These statistics evidently include pedestrians who were killed or injured by these street locomotives, as well as their occupants."

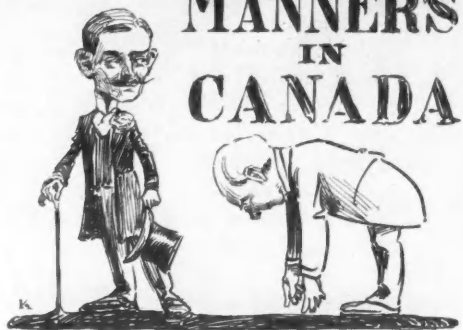
According to a statement furnished by the Canadian Department of Trade and Commerce, only 22 Chinese immigrants came into Canada last year, each of whom paid the head tax of \$500; 6 entered at Victoria, 11 at Vancouver, 4 at Montreal, and 1 at Halifax; 2,411 Chinese paid \$1 each as a registration fee on leaving Canada for China; 828 of these registered at Victoria, 1,560 at Vancouver, 16 at Montreal, 4 at Halifax, and 13 at North Sydney. They have six months within which to return to Canada without paying any poll tax."

Mr. J. Cunningham Dunlop of Quebec High School has been appointed to the vacant Modern Language mastership at Upper Canada College. Mr. Dunlop is a B.A. of Trinity College, Toronto, and an honor man in Modern Languages. Since graduating he has taught in St. Alban's College, Brockville, and Quebec High School with marked success. Mr. Dunlop is a son of the late Professor Cunningham Dunlop, who was for several years at Trinity College and for some time himself a master at Upper Canada College."

Mayor Tom Johnson, of Cleveland, Ohio, has won his six-years' fight for a three-cent car fare, and it is now said that the public have cheaper transportation there than in any other city of the country. At the same time the victory of Mr. Johnson is so entangled with municipal ownership that it becomes necessary to make the new street railways pay a profit on the reduced rate or its permanence will be threatened."

A company comprising some of the leading business men of Prince Edward Island has been organized to procure a new and more powerful winter steamer, built to carry cars. They will apply to the Dominion Government for a subsidy to carry on the winter service between Prince Edward Island and the mainland."

THE DECAY OF MANNERS IN CANADA



BY J. SEDGWICK COWPER

THE most significant sign of the Americanizing of our domestic life is the decay of manners in the life of our people.

This has been increasingly evident during the past year.

No true lover of his country can light-heartedly regard this change. What boots Science, Art, Commerce and Culture, or any or all of the externals of civilization if the finer sociabilities and discernments of the soul are lacking?

Our fine old courtesy has all but disappeared. The voice of Democracy clamoring at the city's gates has in it tones which will not chord with Courtesy's sweet notes. The spirit of the Age makes mockery of fine speech, and the mellifluous courtierisms of our grandfathers sound in these days—"Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh."

It was not always thus. Less than two years ago we received a note from our tailor which might stand as the very acme of good feeling:

June 5, '05.

Dear Sir,—We are much obliged by the receipt of yours of the 3rd inst., enclosing cheque. We wish to thank you for your kind patronage in the past, and assure you that the favor of your kind commands in the future will be much appreciated, and will receive our best attention.

Yours,

We will always treasure that note. It not merely marks the high level of our sartorial credit at that time, but it also reminds us of the days when the manners of our countrymen made the sojourn of one sensitive spirit among them easy and agreeable.

The decay was not very marked during the next five months. Under date of November 3, 1905, we find the following:

Dear Sir,—Many thanks for yours, which will receive our best attention. Our Mr. Smith will call upon you at your home with this season's patterns.

Yours, etc.,

P.S.—We are showing a very nice line of chevots, meltons, and imported friezes, which we are making up into overcoats at from \$20 to \$35.

May we not have the pleasure of making up one for you?

How unsuspectingly the blight creeps in. At first merely a disregard for diction, and an absence of feeling for fine phrases. Compare the vulgar "Smith," "patterns," "imported friezes," "\$20 to \$35," "Yours, etc.," with those former phrases: "Much obliged," "kind patronage," "favor of your kind commands," and "much appreciate." Most noteworthy is the slipshod composition which makes a postscript necessary.

Apparently the fellow had merely out-g his thoughts pell-mell upon the paper without regard to structure or finesse. And with what brutal frankness does he invite us point-blank to give him pleasure by the taking of a so-many-dollar overcoat from him! Of course if the making of an overcoat for us will give to his sordid life a glint of pleasure, clearly our duty is to acquiesce.

It is regrettably true that in moral law as in physical the final velocity of a falling body is equal to the sum of its communicated velocities. On April 1, 1906, came a missive which denoted the arithmetical progression of my countrymen's descent in manners:

April 1, '06.

Dear Sir,—We think you have overlooked the enclosed account, and would feel obliged if you will let us have a remittance before the end of the week.

Yours,

What April foolery is this which assumes our memory to be defective? Whence this quickening of desire which waits patiently for six months and then suggests settling the whole business within six days? Is this a suitable return for the pleasure we gave him when we permitted him to "make up" an overcoat for us? But this is not the worst. With ever-increasing momentum the tide rolled on, and under the date of writing we witness the final sweeping away of the last vestige of our national civility:

Dear Sir,—We have humbugged with you long enough. Unless we receive a settlement of our account before noon to-morrow (Wednesday) we will place the matter in the hands of our lawyers for collection.

Yours,

To this we make no reply. What no gentleman should say, no gentleman need answer. We can only recall with regret the old old days when tailors thanked us for "our kind patronage" and pleaded with us for favor of "our kind commands." We are still firmly enthroned in the dignity of our own knowledge that we only suffered that overcoat in order to bring pleasure to the life of our tailor. And this is our reward; that we be hauled into Court and have our motives and our record ruthlessly uncovered by some unconscionable legal mechanism. But we do the better understand Tennyson's fine reference to those who "do good by stealth and blush to find it fame."

We would urge this question upon the attention of all who love our country, and are anxious that we may regain our lost laurels. "Life is not so short but that there is time for manners," said Emerson. Certainly there is nothing which would so hasten our departure from town as the receipt of a number of such letters from our numerous creditors.

Toronto, January, 1907.

Joseph Chamberlain's health is now fairly good, but it is said that his loss of memory will prevent him from ever returning to public life.

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ELIHU ROOT,

His Visit to Canada, His Speech, and some Impressions of the Man.

OTTAWA, Jan. 28.

PROBABLY if all outstanding differences between Canada and the United States were left to the joint determination of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and this keen American, Hon. Elihu Root, and if the two were locked up together in a room until their conclusions were ready, they would not keep their respective countries waiting long for a verdict such as would do substantial justice to the interests of both sides. At all events those who have met Mr. Root in Ottawa will be inclined to give him the benefit of the doubt. Certainly the man's speech and manner here have been in his favor. Few deliverances of such force and finish have been heard in the Canadian capital within recent years, and if the generous sentiments of this distinguished visitor represent truly the disposition of the American administration towards its neighbor, his address is of truly potential importance for the future.

Of Mr. Root's personality his Canadian associates on the Alaska Boundary Commission have naught but the kindest remembrances and the meeting at Government House last Sunday evening between him and Hon. Mr. Aylesworth was a meeting of friends. Alverstone, Lodge and Turner, it seems, were the wicked partners in that evil-smelling transaction of three years ago, and at their doors, we are given to believe, lies the chief responsibility for the shameful disregard of Canadian rights. Mr. Root's part was rather that of accessory after the fact, and if the truth be as stated above in the light of international diplomacy perhaps he should not be held too strictly to account.

"The great cause of controversy between nations," said Mr. Root, in his interview with the Ottawa newspaper correspondents "is misunderstanding, the failure of the people of one country to appreciate the point of view of the people of another country. Better knowledge leads to a better understanding and a better understanding to more kindly and more reasonable treatment."

The U. S. Secretary has been here to obtain that better knowledge and like every earnest seeker after truth has not spent his time and effort vain. If he is unable on his return to gratify the desire of the Washington correspondents by announcing a complete and final settlement with his friend Earl Grey of all pending issues between us, the newspaper men will but have to hold their patience till Canada's Governor-General pays his next visit to New York, when their recent announcements can be made all over again, and will make just as good copy for American readers as before. The truth all through about Mr. Root's visit seems to have been pretty much as he himself declared before leaving Washington, during his passage through New York and Montreal and upon his arrival at Ottawa—a social visit to Earl Grey, which afforded him at the same time an opportunity of gaining a better appreciation of the Canadian point of view.

Thus far the only questions between us and the States upon which the Republic has shown any particular desire for negotiations have been those in which American cupidity is anxious to get things all its own way. The Secretary of State carries back with him as the result of his intercourse with Canadian public men a full realization that we will submit to no such one-sided sort of bargain as American sealers and fishing interests want to drive. If the negotiations between the two countries are to be resumed, either through the re-assembling of the Joint High Commission or other medium, two facts must be frankly recognized at the outset. Canada will not deal alone with the particular subjects, such as those alluded to above, which persistent agitation across the border has been forcing to the front. The treaty makers must be free to remedy some of the injustices that Canadians have been enduring at the hands of their powerful neighbors. Canadian min-

isters will throw all outstanding disputes together into the pot and abide by any reasonable apportionment of rights that even-handed justice may dictate. With the bitter experience very fresh in mind of past disappointments they will waste no more time and money drawing up treaties for Yankee Senators to contemptuously ignore. Canada must have reasonable assurance beforehand of the acceptance by the U. S. Senate of whatever adjustment is agreed upon. G. B.

THE high representative of an Old World country would present an attitude of dignity. He would speak with a refined, a detached accent. He might be simply dressed, but you would feel that the centuries were behind this man. You would say that the country he represented had made history. You would be prepared for the courtly personage, conscious of power, a little stiff, perhaps, but of a delightful polish. Mr. Root, on the contrary, expresses the democracy, even to his hob chain, writes Bystander in The St. John's News. This man you feel conscious is of the people. He does not care about pedigree. He might have some difficulty in constructing his genealogical tree.

When he speaks to you, he is reminiscent of the homely and wholesome soil. There is not a hint of tradition in the cut of his clothes, his directness, his candor, his naturalness of manner.



HON. ELIHU ROOT,
United States Secretary of State, who recently visited Ottawa.

This man is able, must be able, but to hear him speak, you would suppose, if you did not know who he was, and what he stood for, that this might be an astute commercial traveller. In this very simplicity, however, there is a distinction, although we are all in our hearts, such lovers of gew-gaws, that doubtless a man like Mr. Root would occasion a chill of disappointment, if you remarked to the "man on the street" that that was the Secretary of State for the United States. The man on the street might ask—"Where are his stars and garters, his retinue, his orders blazing on his breast?"

At the same time, let it be said, there is something at once engaging and encouraging in the democracy. It does not ask you to bow and scrape before it. It does not trouble you about your grandmother. It merely asks you for the present, and the hope of the future. It does not stand upon past achievement. It asks for character and the power to do things. It does not believe in the creature who "comes to the world as a gentleman comes to a lodging ready furnished."

At the same time have we not all a sneaking love for color and benediction, and for the blazing order on the breast which stuns the general mind?

It has been remarked that King Edward is rather more chary than his august mother in the bestowal of titles and, indeed, one had heard a murmur—faint, it is true, but nevertheless, a murmur,—that the Dominion has been rather neglected in the connection since the King came to the throne. There was a time when titles were plentiful in this country that in scorn they were dubbed "tin-pot" affairs, and the distinction was, not to possess one. We know how strenuously Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his friends, who never tired of making fun of the "tin-pot" titles of the Conservatives, fought against the acceptance of honors, which, nevertheless, they now wear with becoming pride. The King is, of course, the fountain of honor, and from him all worth proceeds, but the King is governed, or is supposed to be governed, by the advice of his ministers in this as in other matters.

Certain it is, however, that His Majesty does not trail the public honors in the dust. He evidently intends to win back for the once coveted title that distinction and lustre which it lost in previous years. That which is easily obtained is seldom prized. The lover always needs a bull dog or an irascible parent, or, at smallest, a Helespont to be breasted to give him ardor in the pursuit, and the title will be esteemed in proportion to the difficulty of securing it. But one might moralize upon the vanity of things here.

Why do men strive after a bit of red ribbon in the button hole? Why should any creature desire that a garter should be placed on his left leg?

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What is the intrinsic significance of a decoration? Why should any defective creature want any other creature to call him "my lord"? Why have kingdoms been torn to pieces for a barren title? To ask this is to ask—why does the aborigine wear a nose ring? From precisely the same motive—that primordial love of what is barbarously decorative. How little are we removed from the plane of the primal man, after all?

The World is White.

Come out from behind that stove, Forsake that well worn chair; Why sit you shivering there? Put by those musty books you love: White is the world, blue sky above— Come out in the frosty air!

Hark, hark, the merry shout That comes from yonder hill; Though Boreas whistle shrill And strive the tingling warmth to rout, You may be sure the boys are out And coasting with a will.

Where the long summer day The circling swallows played, Skimming the pond in the shade, Now curves in flight a twittering throng Of merry skaters all day long, The lover and his maid.

The squirrel has a mind To go abroad for food In the snow tracked solitude; The fox's bark is short and loud, Until the shadow of a cloud Flees through his roofless wood.

And when the arctic moon Glazes through the naked sky Where the fields in star dust lie, The chime of sleighbells down the road Calls us to join the happy load Of singers passing by.
—Jasper Barnett Cowdin.

French etiquette will soon demand the announcement of divorces with the same solemnity as is required of marriages. Les Debats suggests the following formula for the purpose: "Mr. X. has the honor of informing you of his divorce. Henceforth he will reside in street so-and-so, number so-and-so." Another paper, however, thinks that the announcement should come from both parties concerned in the matter, and suggests the following: "Mr. and Mrs. X. have the honor of notifying you of their happy separation." There still remain problems to be solved. Will it be necessary to acknowledge the receipt of such announcements? And, if so, in what terms should this be done? Of congratulation or of condolence?—New York Tribune.

I paused to talk to a fishmonger. "Fishmonger," said I, pleasantly. "Why do you fishmong?" He answered with a cordial smile: "I fishmong because my father fish-mong before me." "And have you been fishmonging long?" I asked further. "Yes," was the reply. "I have fish-mong for seven years come Michael-mas." "You are a worthy fishmonger," I responded, "and I'm sure you always mong the best of fish."—Life.

"Yaas, de beauty an' chivalry ob Smoketown mingled in the ballroom." "Mingled, yo' say?" "Mingled 'till 'bout 'leven o'clock. Den dey mixt."—Houston Chronicle.

The Buffalo News says: "To twist the tail of the British lion is as much out of date as to pluck feathers from the eagle's tail. Everything is lovely in Ottawa."

ceived by the crowd many bitter cries were raised, such as:

"There goes the traitor!" "The traitor has dared to land!" "Death to all traitors!" and other cruel insults.

At the first sound of the hostile cries on the quay he hurried himself and his wife into a closed cab and drove to the dwelling of a near relative. There he found welcome and shelter, but his stay in St. Petersburg became a more severe test of his manhood and courage than all the dangers of Port Arthur.

It is customary for Russians of rank who return home from foreign service to be received by the Czar, who hears from their own lips a report of their official activity. General Stoessel was not summoned to the imperial residence. When, after an interval of waiting, he applied for an audience with the Czar, he was curtly informed by a subordinate court official that his petition could not be granted.

It is customary, also, for a Russian general to report himself to the minister of war on returning from foreign service, but when General Stoessel presented himself to discharge this duty he was not admitted. Soon afterwards he received a written communication that the minister did not desire to see him.

When he went to the theatre persons sitting around him made critical and insulting remarks about his generalship in voices intended to reach his ears.

When the general ventured out into the streets for a walk he was often recognized and pursued by a mob of fanatical, patriotic Russians, who overwhelmed him with curses and showered insults on him. On one or two occasions men and women attempted to tear his clothes from his back. At another time a party of women and girls spat in his face, cursing him as a cowardly traitor to Russia.

Recent press despatches now state that Stoessel has been driven to the direst extremities in order to obtain a mere subsistence, as well as being utterly broken in spirit.

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Lady Gay's Column

It would be curious to gather testimony from all and sundry one's friends and acquaintances, as to the very happiest and best way to spend a Sunday. Let me tell you how I spent the last one, in what seemed to me a good and happy way. When the first returning consciousness lifted my eyelids, I saw, the very first thing, through dainty lace and tempered light, the light of a frosty but dim morning, a field of pink poppies. They covered me in on every side, the nodding, sleep-laden, lovely blooms, and it was only later, when wide awake, that any association so commonplace as wall paper made connection. The pink poppy room is tiny, one walks on soft, cosy crimson, one sleeps in a mission bed of white and gold. There is a curious murmur, when everyone is at rest, of something vast, busy, powerful, that never rests, the talk of the waters as they leap tumultuously from height to depth in the great fall. One floats on the knowledge that out there, beyond the lace curtains, in the riny, frosty, dim, heavy air, waits the great Wonder, the holy place of the waters, where, if anywhere on the continent, one may spend Sunday in the frame of mind nearest approaching the ideal. To gradually awaken and luxuriously delay one's rising, to take oceans of time bathing and dressing, to sail down to breakfast (I know you expected me to have it sent up!) and meet dear creatures full of fun and animation, to even see them getting ready in dutiful groups to immerse themselves in some tabernacle made with hands, for the space of two hours, all this comes into the Sunday impressions.

The day is dull, but promising, why hurry the outing of which one dreams, until the coy sun has decided upon amiability? What more "to the moment" than a diffusion of one's blessed content, via the penny-post? And so some letters were written in a charming little salon, *vis-a-vis*, to a busy Englishman, who was addressing innumerable picture postcards, to voluminous correspondents, whose foreign letters he consulted from time to time, for correct street and number, furtively glancing at me as he did so, as if he were afraid, I'd steal some precious sentence from his home-post. Outside was the tableau of the great Fall, roaring dingly over its ledge—the air full of spray, the wind cooly blowing it across on the bare trees and dressing them in powder, and, alas! also in patches. The great Fall, a short six months' ago so sparkling and gay, like a girl in her first season, is now a very stern, very cross, very morose old greybeard, booming out Carlyisms, and altogether making himself out a hoary old misanthrope. The wind makes game of his splutterings and jibes at his sourness, flinging the former carelessly landward, building a fairy forest of the slim bare trees, till they stand portly and ice-clad, waiting for coy old Sol to make them glorious. Sol doesn't hurry, he is planning a good thing. One must have a bite of luncheon before the first gleam shoots below a heavy grey cloud. And it's then away for wraps and furs, and out all alone for a couple of hours of the real thing, the keen healthy heart-worship of nature and nature's God. It is very still over there, under the armored trees, that clash and crack in the light wind. One walks warily but filled with delight, at the wonder of the spray and the wind; there are people straying here and there, gazing up at the ice forest, getting broken twigs down their necks—very cold and slippery those! It is all unreal, spectacular, fascinating, the river churning the floating garbage of ice and snow, the packing of the ice bridge, the whirling of the unfreezable torrent over its rocky bed, the silence of the enchanted forest, one looks here and there, and is full of that satisfied awe only Nature demands. Across the stone bridge, Goat Island sits fringed with icicles, coated with frozen spray; sweet Luna, always loveliest of all, in her ice armor, bears the frozen tribute of the bridal veil Fall so gracefully that she seems a dream island, a beautiful iceberg from the Arctic. There is a chime of bells as a tiny sleigh flashes by, a lovely girl smiles, and is gone, with just a cry of recognition. I thought she was in Russia, but it seems quite natural that she should appear and disappear so. Every and anything might happen in this enchanted hour.

There are seven stations to do, joyous and full of blessing, not the sad ones of Holy Church. The first is

just over the bridge to the left—a place of memories and happy associations. There one closes the eyes and sees the rest of them, young, mischievous, gay with "la joie de vivre," and there are songs and stories and laughter, for it is full summertime, and life ebbs high. The second station is in the heart of the wood, as one walks across the Island, accompanied by a frisky squirrel who knows no fear. The frisky squirrel always meets me at that station; he was there the first time, and there has never been any time but that first time. Some would tell you it was nearly forty years ago! Don't believe it—it is now! and instead of the snow and the black, bare trees, there is a mossy log, and there are ferns waving and a June sun filtering through a canopy of living green. The squirrel knows all about it, and because that second station is so very human and so dear, he turns his bushy tail upon it and looks up at the sky. The third and fourth and fifth stations are on the Sister Islands, hanging perilously, on far out points, where one steps warily in winter weather, ice and rock look so much alike. And at these stations one forgets all but the marvel of nature, all but the great wonder of water and submerged cliff-side. There are neither laughter nor mischief, nor the whisper of first love, nor the flash of any living tiny chaperon aloft, for here, so far from nut-cupboard and soft winter nest, the squirrel does not come. And here one may worship God, as if one stood in sight of the great White Throne, speechless, humble, satisfied, until one finds a whispered word—"Lord, it is good to be here."

Do you wonder that, on last Sunday, so soon as the sun shone, I stole away from the glowing fireside, from the pleasant party and came all alone to spend an hour or two in this spot, the most sacred and the most wonderful to me in the whole wide world? As for the other two stations, one down by the rushing river, the other in the heart of Luna's isle, I left them for the green and gold of the summer time, for the heart of me was full. In the west across the foaming river, Sol was going to bed in a flame-colored chamber, one long broad bar of orange light darting to the zenith as he sank from sight; in the East, faint and white, hung Luna at her full, growing brighter and walking with cold dignity up the sky, as the glowing sun left it to her majesty. From west to east I gazed in silent delight, and Luna looked more scornful, more coldly calm, until Sol, the rollicker, painted a stray cloudlet, a gay pink as it lay folded under her chin, and somehow, she seemed to like it, for her light waxed and grew into a radiance that touched all the enchanted forest with silver.

LADY GAY.



Correspondence Column

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps, or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupon are not studied.

Curiosity.—There is a good deal of sentiment and a very vital touch in this specimen. Writer probably lives and feels keenly, and has not burnt out the first fire of youth. The purpose is firm, gathering strength, perhaps too insistent. Such can easily degenerate into boredom if not curbed and checked. There is good adaptability, fluency, sense of proportion and sequence of ideas. The temperament does not seem buoyant, some impatience and carelessness of detail are noted, but with a fair chance, it looks like the hand that will get there. The method is devoid of finesse, and the expression frank, direct and courageous. This study is dated December 28. It's a common *nom de plume*.

Azurea.—September 22 brings you under Virgo, and you should be a valuable nurse, if you develop the gifts of that sign, which produces magnetic healers of great power. Virgo people are generally generous, and solicitous about the affairs of others. They possess the most accurate intellectual discrimination of the whole twelve signs of the Zodiac. You need order and harmony to develop properly and also to keep in good health. To look for the good in others, and the pure and beautiful in everything is your best mental discipline. Pure air, plain food,

regular bathing, deep breathing are the pillars of Virgo physical progress, and a few hours with nature do them more good in illness than a shop full of drugs. Your writing inclines to pessimism, but is full of ability to make the best of life. I am glad to hear of your excellent health. If you are wise and careful you will never suffer a day's illness. As well as perpetual youth Virgo people have the most delightful immunity from ill-health. Your letter was interesting. I think you'd do well in the vocation to which you express a leaning.

Florescia.—Your writing isn't very well developed. There is no love of power, nor any dominance in it, plenty of susceptibility, careful and discreet method, practical outlook, indecision, and a generally unfinished tone. You'd better hide a wee, I'm thinking.

Cousin of Cobalt.—June 29 brings you under Cancer, a water sign, the first of that triplicity. This sign rules from June 21 to July 22. A few harmonious people are found under it, but generally Cancer folk are exceedingly difficult to explain. They will seize upon an idea, project, or belief, with clutch of desperate force, then let go, with no apparent reason. They have superior intelligence, are fond of money, humanitarian, kind in illness and trouble, fond of the beautiful and artistic, neat and orderly, the women not noted for constancy, changeable and unreliable. Cancer is governed by the moon; inconstant Luna seems to affect its people. If I didn't know Cancer people are sensitive and their feelings easily hurt, I'd say things about your poetry. I only hope, for the doughty miner's sake, the jam was better.

Mercedes.—Your question regarding graphology is so absolutely tactless and foolish that I had a good mind to pitch your letter into the waste-paper basket, but on reading further I found second thoughts best. The case of your brother and your son writing so exactly alike as to confuse you, might not be the occasion of confusion to a trained graphologist. March 17 (God save Ireland!) is a water sign, the Fishes (Pisces). October 12 is an air sign, Libra, the scales. Libra people are unsettled. Pisces are restless. Pisces people ask many questions. Libra people hate to give reasons and explanations. When those two marry they are seldom peaceful and happy. Both are sensitive and sometimes hard to guide. However, I have seen a great-grandson, born under Libra, whose writing and signature so exactly copied his ancestor's, (born under Pisces), that he himself, on finding that great-grandfather's writing in some pamphlets, exclaimed "Why the old boy wrote exactly like me." It is a truly Virgo trick to analyze and weigh one's best friends. Virgo is too fond of the critical and analytical attitude. Try and see and dwell on the good points of those you love; if you need to consider evil ones look at home. I am a Virgo, and speak feelingly. As for trusting, the less you do of that the better. Keep your own counsel, and believe the best of others. There are so much, greater things than dissecting one's neighbors or dear friends. Your writing is worthy, having dignity, care, precision and deep thought. But you are pessimistic and almost morbid. I should greatly enjoy seeing samples of the two writings you mention. Could you spare me a few lines?

Vysodes.—This is the writing of a wilful and vagrant mind, strong, impulsive, bright, but illogical, careless and visionary. Writer is original and daring, dominant, and likely to value power. The expression is clear, fluent, and comprehensive, but the subject matter may be quite erratic and the conclusions false and futile. It is one of the hands that may or may not conceal a clever and interesting personality. Merely as a guess I might say writer is young and crude, but likely to achieve prominence.

Rusty.—I should judge from your writing that you'd make a grand success as a contortionist. Get a list to starboard and stay that way, or you'll never make the wharf. Really, Rusty, I think you'd better not risk a delineation.

J. S. M.—Yes, I've just had my hoodoo year, but you've two a-coming! Well, perhaps, being a man, you'll live through them. The only hope for any-body is not to allow himself for one moment to think about promised misfortune. Think of outside subjects, immerse yourself in any possible interest, be brave, wise, and remember that the biggest misfortune is nothing to the calamity of losing faith in oneself. Of course I believe in Astrology. But it doesn't frighten me. After all, one grows wiser, stronger, faster under trials than any other way. Buck up, my



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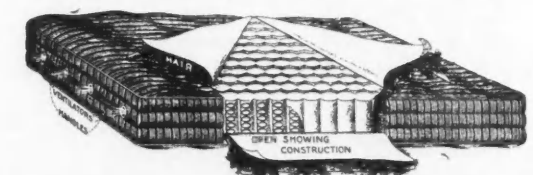
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good friend, I am sorry I have no time to answer you privately.

Donald McNab.—I am not going to do any more studies written on lines. Yours is utterly formalized and spoiled by the lines, and if you wish a reading send me six lines on plain paper. Your envelope was typewritten or I might have done something with it.

Busy-Bee.—A feminine ingratiation and sincere study with some ambition, affection, taste and love of beauty. Writer is sensitive, impulsive, adaptable, not careful of details, but anxious for good results. Traces of idealism, and intuitive rather than logical conclusions are seen.

Phantoms.

Oh, joy is but a gay deceiver.
And will not long beside you stay;
She lightly smoothes your brow's hot fever,
She gives one kiss—and trips away.

But old Dame Sorrow pours her blessing
With pious fervor on your head;
She says her business is not pressing,
Sits down and knits beside your bed.

—Heinrich Heine in Tales.

Dublin Exhibition.

Are you intending to visit this great exhibition in Dublin, Ireland, this summer? If so don't fail to call on S. J. Sharp, Western Passenger Agent, C.P.R., Atlantic Service, 80 Yonge street, before finally deciding on route, etc. The C.P.R. rates are very moderate, and the steamers and service the very best. A call will convince you.

The O'Keefe Mantel and Tile Co., 67 Yonge street, Toronto, are celebrated for their artistic mantel arrangements, not only in Toronto—where their efficiency has long been well known—but also throughout

Canada, this fact being attested by their large and constantly increasing out-of-town patronage. There is a character and style about an O'Keefe Fire Place which makes it easy to recognize the productions of this concern wherever they may be found. Nor do they confine themselves to mantels exclusively—everything in the way of tile work for floors and walls may safely be entrusted to this firm, with the assurance that it will be completed to the purchaser's entire satisfaction.

When I was in Alaska, says a writer in The Travel Magazine, salmon were just beginning to run, and at Cliff the first drying establishment was seen. Nets are used, and are placed in the eddies of the stream and the curing is done in rude shacks in which a slow fire called "smudge" is burning. The smoke greatly assists in the process.

It was a matter for surprise to me that a fish so highly prized for food should be put to so common a use as feeding dogs. There is not a cannery on the Yukon, the entire catch being prepared by drying for the above purpose. But when it is remembered that dog-teams are the long, weary months of winter, the value of salmon may in no wise be lessened, but the respect one may have for the dog generally increased. It is probably safe to say that during the few weeks in which the salmon are running, thousands of tons are prepared in this way, chiefly by the Indians, the catch being made by the men, and the cleaning and drying by the squaws.

"Senator, I presume it requires a good deal of practice to make a speech and have every sentence in it say something, doesn't it?"

"It does," replied Senator Badger, "but it requires more to be able to talk for an hour and say nothing."—Milwaukee Sentinel.



Chickering Tone

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THE DRAMA



VIOLA ALLEN
As Imogen in "Cymbeline," appearing at the Princess next week.

THE offerings at the Toronto theatres, one and all, this winter have been of unusual excellence and variety. At the opening of the season it seemed as though we were to be treated to another long succession of uninteresting musical comedies, but we have been spared any such oppression. At the Princess comparatively few comic operas have been presented, and most of these have been amusing, picturesquely staged and done by competent companies. There have been a goodly number of comedies without music that were really diverting and agreeable; and so far we have been afflicted with scarcely anything in the way of morbid problem plays. The two outstanding events thus far have been the autumn engagement of Mr. E. S. Willard, and the recent appearance of Mr. H. G. Irving. The other offerings at this theatre have been, on the whole, of a high order of merit, interesting and well-acted. At the Grand the plays given have also been much above the average, and at Shea's a high standard of vaudeville has been sustained. Many treats are in store at an early date for Toronto playgoers who enjoy and appreciate first-class drama, and the acting of stage artists whose work is great or approximates greatness. Mr. Forbes Robertson and Ellen Terry and others of the highest rank in their profession are coming before long, and during the next two weeks the offerings at the Princess will be of unusual interest.

Miss Viola Allen, always a favorite in Toronto, will appear at the Princess next week, in her revival of "Cymbeline." As Imogen, in this Shakespearean play, which she has had beautifully staged, Miss Allen is said to be extremely sweet and alluring. Her admirers in New York have declared that her performance in this part is the best portrayal of character that she has ever given, and that the production of "Cymbeline" by her company is remarkably artistic and fine. Miss Allen has always been given to it that her plays are sumptuously staged, and all her efforts in this direction have, it is claimed, been outdone by the setting which has been given to "Cymbeline." Miss Allen will also play "Love in Livery," a three-act comedy by Marivaux, translated from the French by M. L. Girault and Harriet Ford. The play savors of the romantic, and the scene of action is in France in the time of Louis XV. "Love in Livery" will be preceded by a curtain-raiser, by the same author, called "Countess Jeanne."

"Cymbeline" will be given on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings and at the Saturday matinee, and "Love in Livery" on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings, and on Wednesday afternoon.

Miss Allen is supported by an excellent cast, including William Harcourt, Howard Gould, Fuller Mellich, Sidney Herbert, C. Leslie Allen, Henry J. Hadfield, Douglas Gerrard, Frederick Roland, Myron Calice, Lionel Hogarth, Leopold Love, C. H. Bates, George Sheldon, R. M. Doliver, Morgan Thorpe, William Davis, P. C. Hartigan, John J. Burke, Alison Skipworth, Margaret Montrose and Ivia Benton.

Immediately following the engagement of Miss Viola Allen, Miss Annie Russell will be seen at the Princess

as Puck in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

To lovers of Shakespeare, it is not surprising that Miss Russell has achieved the triumph of her stage career this season by her characterization of Puck. It is the consensus of opinion now that Miss Russell's conception of Puck, the poetic sprite, will be remembered as one of the great things in refreshing fancy. With Miss Russell's own analysis of something half-mournful, half-mocking, which she has read into the part, she makes a winsome, elemental elf, that has cast a spell over all who have seen her. It is said of the production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" by Miss Russell's company, that never before has the delicate beauty of this comedy been so perfectly brought out. Its pure spirit, its abundance of diversified character, its luxurious fancy and its rich, droll, humorous verse, have all in this production been given charming expression. The only regret that has been expressed is the fact that Miss Russell's tour must be exceptionally brief, and that in all probability she will not be able to visit any one city more than a single time. The entire production and company from the Aster Theatre, New York, will be seen here.

Chauncey Olcott will be seen in his latest production for the first time in Toronto next week at the Grand. In "Eileen Asthore" (Ellen, my treasure), Theodore Burt Sayre has provided Mr. Olcott with a play in which the sweet-singing delineator of romantic Celtic roles will be seen at his best. The action of the drama occurs in 1804, in and about Dublin, and concerns the fortunes of Richard Temple, an impetuous, warm-hearted young blade of the period, who, after having gone the paces, suddenly looks into a young woman's eyes and sees something there which causes him to throw off his wild associates and attempt to regain the position in life to which he was born. The times are stirring, revolution is in the air, and a brother of Eileen, the young girl he suddenly comes to worship, is mixed up in a plot, the discovery of which would mean disgrace and ignominious death to all concerned. English spies become informed of the brother's culpability and a titled English suitor to the hand of Eileen, after having been refused by her when all seems lost, orders to save the life so dear



CHAUNCEY OLCOTT
Who comes to the Grand next week in his new comedy, "Eileen Asthore."

to her at the price of her hand. How in this stress Richard Temple matches wit with wit, meets and parries the nefarious plots of the Englishman, and finally triumphs, is the subject of the four exciting acts. Mr. Olcott has an opportunity which is appreciated by him to the full of appearing as a careless, profligate, romantic lover, self-sacrificing hero, shrewd diplomatist and faithful friend. He has especially written and composed for this play four new songs, which are certain to become popular, and Manager Augustus Pitou has provided a most elaborate production.

For the week of February 4 the notable attraction secured by Shea's Theatre is Mrs. Langtry, the famous English actress, in a one-act playlet, "Between the Nightfall and Light." The securing of Mrs. Langtry for the whole of next week in Toronto is one of the biggest surprises of the season, as it is for a few weeks only that the actress is in this country. It is safe to say with this big attraction that Shea's Theatre will be crowded to the doors at every performance next week.

Tate's Motoring and Emma Francis and her "Whirlwind Arabs" will be big features of the bill. Others on

the programme will be Kelly and Violette, Willie Weston, Savan and McBrien and Avery and Hart.

An interesting attraction, bearing the well-known Liebler & Co. stamp, that will be seen this season in Toronto, will be the novel production, "The Vanderbilt Cup," which comes to the Princess Theatre for the week beginning February 25. The company is headed by Elsie Janis, the seventeen-year-old girl who some time since won much admiration in Toronto by her clever imitations. In her train will be found such well-known fun-makers as Robert L. Dailey, Clarence Handysides, Jacques Kruger, Arthur Stanford, Edith Decker, Blanche Chapman and Charles Dow Clark. The big feature is of course the remarkable automobile race scene, which is said to be an interesting and exciting stage spectacle. There are other novelties that give the production a fast-moving and amusing character.

Miss Ellen Terry is appearing this week at the Empire Theatre, New York, in George Bernard Shaw's play, "Captain Brassbound's Conversion." This is the opening engagement of Miss Terry's tour of the United States and Canada—her first visit to America at the head of her own company, and her first since the English public celebrated some months ago her fiftieth year on the stage. Miss Terry's engagement at the Empire will be limited to three weeks and only one week will be devoted to the Shaw play. Like most of Shaw's, it is unusual, one of its oddities being that it has but one woman character. It tells in a characteristic way of the reformation of a pirate by a woman, Lady Cecily Waynflete. Miss Terry's company is entirely English and is stage-managed by her daughter, Edith Craig. In the cast are Rudge Harding, James Carew, George Ingleton, George Elton and Frederick Lloyd.

The initial performance of Mr. Douglas A. Paterson's dramatic class of the Conservatory School of Expression was given in the Conservatory Music Hall on Friday evening of last week. The audience was large, cordial and appreciative. Two plays were given, the first being a one-act comedy, "The Rector," and the other the two-act farce, "Naval Engagements." The leading role in "The Rector" was well taken by Mr. Paterson, and he was adequately supported by Miss Evelyn Bliss, Miss Olive Todd, Miss Kate Wiltshire and Mrs. A. Holme. Miss Bessie Urquhart and Miss Helen Rankin. In "Naval Engagements," the principal parts, those of Admiral Kingston and his son, were admirably acted by Mr. Paterson and Mr. J. Harry Smith. Miss Isabel Watson and Miss Millie Lamont were seen to advantage in comedy parts.

To those who have not read the book and to those who are not over-critical, the play, "In the Bishop's Carriage," at the Princess this week will no doubt meet with approval as being very amusing and diverting. Channing Pollock's dramatization, however, bears about as much resemblance to the engaging story by Miriam Michelson, on which it is based, as it does to that of "Jack the Giant-Killer." The novel is clever, convincing and addresses itself to the cultivated and thoughtful reader. Latimer in the story is an invalid and a most charming character, gently bred, cultured and intellectual. When Nance Olden, the girl thief, rushes into his garden, pursued by the police, he is reading "The Rubaiyat," and he shields her deftly, addressing her as "Miss Omar." His silken voice perplexes Nance, who at last realizes that this strange sort of man is representative of a life and a world the existence of which she had never suspected, but which she seeks, and with success, to enter upon. The Latimer in the play—well, he has no silken voice, and he marries Nance, a thing impossible with the real Latimer. The play is not well constructed, because, while it has an entire change of plot, it leaves certain situations unexplained to those who have not read the story, and introduces others that are quite ragged. The Bishop's carriage, in which Nance escapes from the officers at the railway station, after stealing a cloak and hat, is driven upon the stage, but it is not a closed carriage, but one in which she is in plain view of everybody before she hops out. Then Nance, on her first visit to Latimer's residence, calls in Tom Dorgan, and shows him where things are kept during a minute or two while Latimer is showing another visitor out of the house. There are other incidents quite as unlikely.

However, we are accustomed to seeing good stories turned into mediocre plays, so a word as to the play apart from its source. Miss Jessie Busley, as Nance, is excellent. She plays most admirably the part of the girl of the underworld, irresponsible, flippant, yet courageous,



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Held its Annual Meeting at its Home Office, in Toronto, on Tuesday, the 29th day of January, 1907. The President, Mr. John L. Blaikie, was appointed Chairman, and the Managing Director, Mr. L. Goldman, Secretary, when the following report was submitted:

New Business

The policies issued for the year, together with those revived, amounted to the sum of \$4,364,694, being less than the new business transacted for the previous year. Owing to the conditions prevailing in the life insurance business on this Continent, the Directors considered that in the interests of the policyholders the reduction in expenses was of greater importance than expansion in new business, and in this respect the Statement presented shows they have been eminently successful, by making the very large reduction of about five per cent. in one year in the ratio of expenses to premium income. This percentage of reduction has resulted in the material saving in expenses of \$48,996.49, as compared with the previous year.

Saving in Expenses

Cash Income

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Addition to Reserve

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Monthly Audit

The cash income for the year from Premiums, Interest, etc., was \$1,746,544, showing the satisfactory increase for the year of \$86,480.94.

The amount paid on policyholders' account was \$589,195.68, and of this amount the sum of \$306,179.53 represents payments for dividends, matured endowments, etc.

The assets increased during the year by the sum of \$831,050.79, and now amount to \$7,799,064.45.

After making ample provision for all liabilities, including special addition to the reserve fund, and paying a relatively large amount for dividends to policyholders during the year, there was a handsome addition made to the net surplus which now amounts to \$650,209.08, the year's work from the financial standpoint being the best in the Company's history.

The assets of the Company have been, as heretofore, invested in the best class of securities; a detailed list of these will be published with the Annual Report for distribution.

As heretofore, the Company's books were closed on the last business day of the year, and in due course full reports with detailed list of the securities held by the Company were sent to the Government.

A monthly examination of the books of the Company was made by the auditors, and at the close of the year they made a thorough scrutiny of all the securities held by the Company. In addition to the examination of the securities by the Auditors, a Committee of the Board, consisting of two Directors, audited these securities each quarter.

Owing to Dominion Legislation providing that Judges should not be Directors of Corporations, the First Vice-President, Hon. Sir William R. Meredith, K.C., who had been associated with the Company for many years, much to its advantage, felt compelled to resign his position on the Board of the Company, and the Directors accepted the same with great reluctance.

It will be the duty of this Meeting to elect a Director to fill the vacancy thus created.

The Insurance Legislation enacted in New York State which went into effect January 1st, 1907, had the effect of our Manager and Agents there declining to accept the statutory terms of remuneration, and it was therefore found necessary to cease writing new business in the State. Provision has been made at the Syracuse office to look after the interests of policyholders in that State, while the large deposit will remain there for the security of policyholders in the United States.

The care and attention manifested in their duties by the Company's Officers, Provincial Managers, Inspectors, District Agents and all other Agents, are deserving of the highest commendation.

L. GOLDMAN, Managing Director.

J. L. BLAIE, President.

The Annual Report, showing marked proofs of the solid position of the Company, and containing a list of the securities held, and also those upon which the Company has made collateral Loans will be sent in due course to each policyholder.

good at heart, and full of capabilities for true living. Her clever acting is very enjoyable. Sam Reed, as the bibulous, sporty Edward Ramsay, does the role well and provides considerable merriment. James Keane gives a very good impersonation of Tom Dorgan, Nance's pal, whom she finally renounces.

Hap Ward, in the laughable comedy, "Not Yet But Soon," is making a hit with the patrons of the Grand this week. The play is called a "knock-out" in two lays. There is plenty of singing by pretty and dashing girls and several entertaining specialties. The scenery and costumes are quite adequate. The scene of the play is laid at a sanitarium, and the inmates of the institution in-

dulge in some very facetious remarks. The general opinion of those who have attended the sketch is that "Not Yet But Soon" is very amusing and entertaining.

Adele Ritchie, the well-known singer of popular and catchy ballads and ditties, is the star attraction at Shea's this week. Two of her most popular songs are, "I'll Meet You in San Antonio" and "The Little Brown Bear." When she sings the latter she throws little brown bears to the audience. Among the other performers are Valerie Bergere in a smart sketch, "His Japanese Wife"; Kremka Brothers, acrobats; Verum, the ventriloquist, and Cliff Gordon, German vaudeville politician.

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HAD the pleasurable experience of being present at the concert of the Elgar Choir at Hamilton on Tuesday evening last. Their finished, unaccompanied singing was a genuine surprise to me, for I have heard nothing so good in Canada of its kind, always making an exception in the case of our own Mendelssohn Choir. The Elgar Choir is not a numerically large organization, but its compactness facilitates the accomplishment of finished work in regard to fine details of phrasing, coloring and expression. The principal number of the concert was Gounod's impressive motette, "By Babylon's Wave," the rendering of which was a most meritorious example of technical excellence, of lucid exposition of the expressive phases, and of beautiful tone, both in the mass and in the sections. The work was tremendously applauded, and constituted the triumph of the evening. The choir numbers only eighty-five members, but judging by the results they must have been selected with great judgment, and it may be inferred are all efficient chorus singers. The quality of the voices is exceptionally good. The sopranos are bright and powerful without being harsh, the altos have a velvety texture in their tone, the tenors, while not distinguished by much resonance, sing very smoothly, and the same may be said of the basses. During the evening some delightfully delicate effects were produced by the choir in smaller numbers, among which I may mention Elgar's "Evening Scene" and "Lullaby," Bach's "Come Kindly Death," Tchaikovsky's "Christ When a Child" was beautifully shaded with in subdued lines, and as rendered was touched with pathos. A capital number, more direct in its appeal to the public was Neil Gow's "Call Her-ryn," which was received with acclamations. The remainder of the programme for the choir was all of a high order of merit. The conductor, Mr. Bruce A. Carey, one of Canada's rising young musicians, is entitled to the highest credit for what he has accomplished with this chorus in three seasons. The Elgar Choir was organized in 1904 with fifty-six voices, with their present conductor as director, and their very first concert came in the nature of a surprise to the public by reason of its genuine musical character. The following year the membership had increased, and the second concert was even more successful than the first, the choir having developed to a marked degree in the command of the best qualities of part-song singing. And on Tuesday evening came the climax, when the choir surpassed their former efforts and delighted an audience that taxed the Grand Opera House to its seating capacity. I was informed that the attendance at the Elgar concerts have been records for concerts pure and simple. The conductor has the advantage of being supported by an energetic committee, consisting of R. A. Lucas, president; S. H. Alexander, secretary; the Misses Osborne and Mann, Dr. G. S. Glasco and Mr. Fred W. Gayfer. The choir and, in fact, all connected with them have the enthusiasm and confidence of youth, and one may expect still greater achievements from them in the near future. I must not omit to mention the valuable services of Miss Twohy, who, an accomplished pianist, proved herself an efficient accompanist to the two solo vocalists, Miss Frieda Stender, soprano, and Guglielmo Fagnani, both accomplished singers of New York. The encores were numerous, the original seventeen numbers on the programme being expanded to twenty-five.

Wagner relics are rising in the market, and have already reached a figure which may be considered very high, when it is borne in mind how brief a period has passed since the composer's death. At a recent auction in Berlin the original score of the famous "Schuster-lied," from "Die Meistersinger," was bid up to \$650, while a collection of about twenty letters to the opera singer, Franz Betz, realized \$350.

Though only forty-one years of age, A. C. Glazounoff, the eminent Russian composer, is already on the point of celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of his debut as a composer. A symphony by him was produced at sixteen years of age, and his opus 1 is a string quartette. Russia of to-day and especially St. Petersburg, where Glazounoff is a professor at the Royal Conservatorium, is preparing a series of great festivities for him; and it is interesting to note that England, as

represented by Cambridge University, is sharing in the honors to be heaped upon the Russian master. An honorary musical degree has been offered to Glazounoff by that university, which, it will be recollected, conferred a similar honor on Greig, Saint-Saens, Bruch, Joachim, and other distinguished musicians. At the festival in St. Petersburg the programme will include the composer's first symphony and his latest, No. 8, which is on the point of completion.

The two leading opera houses in Italy had a race for the first performance of Strauss' "Salome." Turin came first, and for fear that an adverse verdict there might influence the reception of the opera in Milan, the management for the first time adopted the Parisian custom of having a public rehearsal, which came a day before the Turin performance. Luckily for all concerned, Strauss himself conducted at Turin, and the reception was friendly. As for Milan, there was less applause at the first public performance than there had been at the rehearsal. The conductor, Toscanini, was the hero of the occasion. The opera, we read, was followed by a ballet; which indicates that the Italians refused to submit to Strauss' extraordinary demand that his opera, though it lasts only an hour and a half, must not be preceded or followed by any other work. This bluff (which insures for the composer the whole of the evening's royalties), has worked well in Germany, and even Manager Conried, New York, has, it is said, submitted to the terms of Strauss, who demanded \$500 for each performance, with the assurance of no fewer than ten performances. May be Conried will find he has caught a Tartar.

The question, How did Beethoven compose? is thus answered by an English writer: Beethoven looked largely to Nature for the promptings and suggestions which his genius enabled him to transmute so nobly. It was not his way to sit at home and wait for the dawning of an idea. In the country or in the city, as he walked, the germs of his themes came to him. A whistling bird, a running stream, the chance rhythm of footsteps, the knocking of a belated neighbor—it was such elemental sounds as these that sowed the seed in Beethoven's brain, and made a beginning of some wondrous and majestic growth. But the trees did not grow untended. Beethoven never wearied of his gardening. He labored ceaselessly, never accepting a theme as finally trained into shape until it had actually passed into the fabric of one of his works. When some chemical union is taking place a certain degree of heat is always generated. So it was with Beethoven when he was fusing his materials together. "At such times," we are told, "the noise which he made playing and roaring was something tremendous. He hated interruption while thus engaged, and would do, and say the most horribly rude things if disturbed." One need not wonder at it. If Beethoven's masterpieces had been put on paper in calm and placid hours it would have been strange indeed.

The Kneisel Quartette, who, as the best interpreters of classical chamber music in America, are always welcome here, gave a delightful concert in the Conservatory of Music on Tuesday evening, under the auspices of the Women's Musical Club. The programme consisted of Schumann's quartette in F major, Op. 41, No. 2, Glazounow's "Interludium," Grieg's "Tema con variazioni" from the quartette in A major, and Grieg's quartette in G minor, Op. 47. These compositions were rendered as near perfection as it is perhaps possible to conceive. The Grieg music and the beautiful quartette of Grieg were specially appreciated.

Owing to the four concerts of the Mendelssohn Choir next week having been over-subscribed, it has been decided to give an extra concert on the 25th inst. The programme will be made up of the most effective numbers in the repertory of the choir. Miss Gertrude Peppercorn has been engaged as solo pianist.

Mr. Archie K. Taylor's appointment in the Central Presbyterian Church is that of baritone soloist and not organist, as incorrectly stated last week.

Very attractive programmes are out for the dramatic recital of Miss Berenice Parker and senior students, to

be held in St. George's Hall on February 5, 1907. The programme includes two clever short plays, a scene from "Richelieu" and scenes from "The School for Scandal." The assisting artists are Mr. Frank Bemrose, tenor, and Miss Evelyn Parker, soprano. A feature of the programme will be the specialty which made such a hit in "Pinafore," under the direction of Miss Edyth Parker. The excellence of the programme ensures the success of this entertainment. Tickets may be secured at Heintzman & Co's, King street west.

Mr. Arthur Blight announces his annual recital, to take place in the Margaret Eaton School of Expression, under the patronage of the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark, on Tuesday, February 19. Assistance will be given by Miss Valborg Martine Zollner, pianist. Mrs. John A. Walker, mezzo-soprano, will sing with Mr. Blight in the Song Cycle, "Gloria," (given for the first time in Toronto). Dorothea Davis-Killer will be the accompanist.

Miss Carolyn Beacock, pupil of Marie C. Strong, has been appointed soprano soloist of Bloor street Presbyterian Church.

The origin of the guitar and of the fiddle was the subject of a paper read by Professor Ridgeway before the anthropological section of the British Association at York. He considers that these instruments are developed from the shell of the tortoise. According to classical traditions, Hermes made a musical instrument from the shell of this animal, which Pausanias tells us existed in Arcadia; and it is said that guitars made of tortoise shell are still used in some Mediterranean countries. Professor Ridgeway thinks that the waist of the guitar or fiddle has developed from the slight narrowing in the shell of the tortoise.

The critic of The London Truth comments on the "nice derangement of epithets" of a colleague who singles out as the special characteristics of Mme. Melba's art "the rich quality of her voice, its magnificent range, and its dramatic significance." This rather reminds me of the famous definition of a crab as a red fish which walks backwards, "which would be strictly accurate but for the fact that a crab is not a fish, is not red, and does not walk backwards."

CHERUBINO.

"When I first began teaching school," says United States Secretary Leslie M. Shaw in The World Today, "they gave me the toughest school in the neighborhood. Some of the boys were bigger than I was, and they boasted of having made life miserable for all my predecessors.

"They began with me the very first day; when I called on one of the big boys to spell bucket he spelled 'p-a-i-l' and giggled. This started the rest of the room giggling too. I saw I'd have my hands full in a minute. I had to do something.

"I waited for the giggling to stop, then I caught that boy's eyes and we began staring at each other. I don't know how long we kept it up, but I know the whole room was watching us in silence. I didn't say a word until pretty soon the boy blinked and dropped his gaze.

"Now, then," I remarked, "you spell bucket."

"But there was still some fight in him, and he tried to raise his eyes to me. He got them as high as the top of my desk and there they stuck.

"Spell bucket," said I, more sternly.

"He made one more attempt, but his eyes slid down to the top of my desk.

"Bucket," I shouted in my deepest voice.

"B-u-c-k-e-t," he said, meekly, and went on looking at the top of my desk. I did not have any more trouble with that school."

"But what did the top of the desk have to do with it?" the Secretary was asked.

"H'm, well, you see, I had a three-quarter-inch hickory stick there to help my eyes out," he replied, chuckling, and it was not until he had had his laugh out that he added:

"But the experience taught me to use my eyes, no matter what I'm doing or whom I'm talking to. You can win out better that way."

Senator Culbertson of Texas tells a good story about an old gentleman who was one of the early settlers of the now famous town of Brownville on the Rio Grande. The old resident referred to was a good Methodist, but possessed a fiery temper, and when aroused he was by no means a pleasant subject to come in contact with. One day one of the old man's favorite hounds was shot and killed by a bully, a man who had been in more fights than any man in that section. His fighting reputation, however, did not keep the old man from hunting him

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up and giving him a thrashing, and then he announced:

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ANEC DOTAL

BEFORE sailing for Egypt for the winter James Hazen Hyde said at a farewell dinner in New York:
"The only drawback to a tropical winter is the flies. In the hot sun of a January day in Egypt, Morocco or Algeria the flies are an incredible pest. You see them in the corners of the eyes of native children and men lie asleep in sunny places with flies crawling over their lips."
"The natives don't mind the flies. In fact, they like them. At a boor or native inn in the Sahara a traveller said to the waiter, pointing indignantly at his stew of barley and goat's flesh:
"How comes this dead fly in my cous-cous?"
"Monsieur," replied the waiter, "I cannot tell you. Perhaps the fly had not eaten for many days and throwing himself ravenously on the cous-cous fed with too great heartiness, thereby contracting an inflammation of the stomach severe enough to cause death. The poor little thing can never have been strong. When I brought the cous-cous it was dancing and humming merrily on the surface. Perhaps—this idea has just presented itself to me—it endeavored to swallow too large a piece of meat. The morsel stuck in its windpipe. A terrific coughing fit, inaudible to our gross ears, ensued. Alas, soon all was over."

"The waiter wiped his eyes and said in a broken voice:
"I can account in no other way for the poor creature's death."

WILTON LACKAYE, the actor says that while on a down-town train one morning recently he chanced to overhear portions of an interesting conversation between two young women occupying adjoining seats.
"I see by the paper," observed one of the young women, "that Mr. Blank the octogenarian, is dead. What on earth is an octogenarian, anyhow?"
"I don't know, I'm sure," was the reply, "but there's one thing certain—they're a sickly lot of people. You never hear of one unless he is dying."

IT isn't hard to persuade women to remove their hats "in meetin'," when you know how to go about it, Harry K. Shields, the singer who assists the Rev. R. H. Crossfield, the evangelist, in his revival meetings, knows how. This is the way he did it yesterday at the First Christian Church, Eleventh and Locust streets.
"We want a good song service this afternoon," he said, "but before beginning I want to ask the women in the audience to join with me in a breathing exercise. You know to sing well you must breathe well. First I'll ask you to raise your right arm and take a full breath. Then put your hand on the back of your hat and remove one hat pin, then the second.
"Ah, I see you are taking them off. Now let's sing the first verse of No.—"

And the women didn't mind it a bit.

OSCAR S. STRAUS, the newly-appointed United States Secretary of Commerce and Labor, is a connoisseur of pottery and porcelains. In conversation with a reporter in New York Mr. Straus one day praised the useful arts—wood-carving, tapestry-weaving, cabinet-making and the like.

"Machinery," he said, "has robbed us of our useful arts to a great extent. In machine-made things there can be no artistic quality, no individual expression. In hand-made things, even the humblest, there is always an opportunity for art to show itself."

"Two street-sweepers were quarreling one day about their talent in street-sweeping.
"Well, Bill," said one, "I admit that you can clean up the middle of a street all right, but you ain't capable of doing an ornamental piece of work, like sweeping around a trolley pole."

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NOT long ago a young lady of Macon, Georgia, visited the home of her fiancé in New Orleans. On her return home, an old colored woman, long in the service of the family, and consequently privileged to put the question, asked:
"Honey, when is you goin' to git married?"
The engagement not having been announced, the Macon girl smilingly replied:
"Indeed, I can't say, auntie. Perhaps I shall never marry."

The old woman's jaw fell. "Ain't dat a pity, now!" she said. "But, after all, missy, dey do say dat ole maids is the happiest critters there is, once dey quits strugglin'."

A CERTAIN young preacher was much disliked by his congregation for his foolishness and conceit. He considered himself greatly persecuted, and, meeting an old German friend of his on the street one day, began to tell his woes, ending up by saying, "And Mr. Brown, the churchwarden, actually called me a 'perfect ass'; my cloth prevents me from resenting insults, but I think I should refer to it in the pulpit next Sunday. What would you advise?"

"Mein friend," said the old German, with a twinkle in his eye, "I know not, but I tink dat all you can do vill pe youst to bray for them, as usual!"

AT the banquet of the Ohio Company given in Marietta on October 18, the day a bronze tablet commemorating the first permanent settlement in the territory northwest of the Ohio was unveiled, Congressman "Nick" Longworth, according to The Post of Philadelphia, told about his first attempt to make a stump speech. Mark Hanna was travelling through the State on a special, and Longworth was one of the lesser lights of the party. Very early one morning the special arrived at Newark, Ohio, where a crowd was already assembled, and to appease their demands for a speech, Longworth—the only man up—was asked to go out and hold the crowd. He said he walked out on the rear platform and in his best voice began:
"Ladies and gentlemen—"

Just then a limited whizzed by and his first sentence hung fire. Beginning again, he repeated:
"Ladies and gentlemen—"

A switch engine across the railroad yard got in motion at this point, and its whistle punctuated "Nick's" opening words with shrill, staccato shrieks. Considerably frustrated, but holding himself well in hand, the orator once more began his speech:
"Ladies and gentlemen—"

It was no use. A freight train, a mile long if it was an inch, came rumbling and creaking down the yard, and the interruption was of such duration that the crowd got restless, and "Nick," to keep it from disintegrating entirely, shouted at the top of his lungs:
"You people don't need any speech making. There are too many signs of Republican prosperity in your town. Look at the length of that freight train!"

But a voice in the rear of the crowd shouted back:
"Say, young feller, what yer givin' us? Them's empties."
And Longworth disappeared into the special.

THE public is invited to sympathize with a quiet and retiring citizen who occupied a seat near the door of a crowded Chicago street car when a masterful woman entered.
Having no newspaper behind, which to hide, he was fixed and subjugated by her glittering eye. He rose and offered his place to her. Seating herself—without thanking him—she exclaimed in tones that reached to the farthest end of the car:
"What do you want to stand up there for? Come here and sit on my lap."

"Madam," gasped the man, as his face became scarlet, "I—I fear I am not deserving of such an honor."
"What do you mean?" shrieked the woman. "You know very well I was speaking to my niece there behind you."

THE late James Wyllie, the "Herd Laddie," whose name is synonymous with all that is popular in the game of draughts, received a box of cigars from a German enthusiast during the course of his last battle with ex-champion Martins. "Mit dose cigars," said the donor, "you can beat all der world."
"Ah, well," said Wyllie in his canny Scotch manner, "I have to play Martins this afternoon."
"Never mind, my poy, mit dose cigars you will play vere goot." Later in the day they met again and Wyllie informed his friend that he had won a game off Martins that afternoon.
"Vere goot, I tells you it vas der cigars," said the other.
"Yes," replied Wyllie, "they fixed him, I suppose."
"They what?" said the German.
"Oh, yes," said the Herd Laddie, "I dinna smoke but I gaed twa to Martins."

"I GUESS I had the most absent-minded man in the world in my chair this morning," said a barber the other day. "He came in and sat down near the door to wait his turn. I yelled 'next' at him two or three times when my chair was vacant, but he was dreaming and didn't hear me. Finally I touched him on the shoulder and told him I was ready for him.
"What do you want me to do?" he asked.

"Why, get in the chair if you want anything," I replied. "This is a barber shop."
"Oh, yes," he said, and then he got into the chair. He leaned back so I let the chair down and shaved him. He didn't have a word to say. When I finished him up he got out of the chair and took the check over to the cashier. He paid and started out. When half way through the door he stopped.
"Say," he said, "what did you do to me?"
"I shaved you," I said.
"Darn the luck," he replied, "I wanted a haircut." Then he went out scowling."

SOME years ago there was a political campaign in Illinois in which a certain candidate was so certain of his election as sheriff that he actually arranged for the distribution of the subordinate offices that were to come under him. Someone was telling "Uncle Joe" Cannon of this. The grim old veteran of many a political battle smiled and observed:
"I trust that our friend's case will not be like that of a man I knew in Indiana. This fellow went on a hunting trip accompanied by his faithful retriever. Things went on finely up to a certain point; then the expedition suddenly ended in disaster. The dog undertook to jump over a deep well in two jumps."

A COOKERY teacher was giving a lesson to a class of children and questioning them on the joints of mutton. The neck, shoulder, leg and loin had been mentioned.
"Now," said the teacher, "there is another joint no one has mentioned. Come, Mary, I know your father is a groom; what does he often put on a horse?"
"A shilling each way, miss," was the unexpected answer.

IT is easier to square the circle, managers say, than to tell just what effect of any given scene will be when it appears in the concrete materials of the stage before an audience. No modern playwright has been more successful than Clyde Fitch in making a minutiae of realism tell; yet his blunders have sometimes been as striking as his successes.

In his dramatization of The House of Mirth, one of the final scenes was outside of the boarding-house hall-bedroom in which Lily Bart lay dead from an overdose of chloral. It struck Mr. Fitch as a happy thought to place before the threshold a quart bottle of milk. This was to indicate that the time of the scene was morning; and when the other characters came on it would also be evident, Mr. Fitch expected, that Lily was unaccountably late in rising.

But such a touch of the commonplace is very dangerous in juxtaposition with high tragedy. When the previous curtain had fallen the audience had been made painfully aware that Lily was taking too much of the sleep-giving drug. When it arose and disclosed the work of the dairyman, one fervent soul in the gallery exclaimed:
"Praise be, she's climbed up on the milk-wagon!"

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Big Game Hunting in British Columbia

Grizzlies, Big Horn, Moose and Elk plentiful.—Some of the Big Bags taken this year.

SOME of the finest hunting grounds in the world are in British Columbia. Until recent years very little has been done in the direction of game protection there. The necessity of enforcing the game laws is now being recognized, however, and the newspapers of the province are urging that as hunters from all parts of the world are attracted to British Columbia every effort should be made to adequately protect game animals from being ruthlessly slaughtered by white men and Indians alike, as they have been in the past.

Sportsmen of wide experience, men who have hunted in Africa, in India, in South America and in other big game countries, have frequently asserted while in British Columbia that there was no other country in the world where such a varied assortment of big game which furnished the best of sport could be secured, says a writer in the course of a very interesting article in the Vancouver Province. Hunting in the wilds of British Columbia, in its forests and on its mountain trails, is a comfortable undertaking compared with those hardships which must be undergone in following the big game in other countries.

In the first place, access to the best of the great game districts of the northern and southern interior is comparatively easy, being largely accomplished by boat or on horseback. The climate in the hunting season is exceptionally good, and sportsmen are not bothered by mosquitoes, black flies or other pests, which in many places make life miserable for the man who goes into the wilds with his rifle in search of blood-quickenings sensations.

In the matter of guides and facilities for reaching the hunting grounds, everything is at the hunter's command. Since the big game of the province commenced to attract the attention of wealthy Englishmen, Germans and Americans, many men possessing an intimate knowledge of the various districts have assumed the occupation of guides. They are to be found at all the outfitting points whence the hunter starts for the wilds.

These guides deal honestly with the hunter. Since the vocation of a guide became profitable in British Columbia, but one instance has been reported where advantage was taken of a hunting party. The circumstances of this case became so well known abroad and in the district where this man resided that his occupation is now well-nigh gone. The residents of the locality in which he lived were so incensed because of his dishonest actions that public opinion went strongly against him, and subsequently he lost practically all his business.

Big game is not by any means confined to any particular section of British Columbia. It may be found from one end of the country to the other—from the forty-ninth to the sixtieth parallel, and from the sea to the western slopes of the Rockies. However, there are certain well recognized districts where the possibilities for hunters have been thoroughly explored by competent men. These guides know their districts well, know where the game is to be found, and this knowledge saves weeks of time and discomfort to the man who is willing to pay to be shown the habitat of the quarry he is in search of.

In the hunting districts the provincial Government has established a system of patrol by deputy game wardens. These men are constantly on the go during the hunting season, working from valley to valley throughout their districts. They inspect the camps and the bags of every licensed party within their jurisdiction, gather information regarding the condition of the game, nose out hunters who are attempting to dodge license fees, see that Indians do not wantonly slaughter game, and in many other ways earn the salaries paid by the Government.

Northeast Kootenay, Lillooet and Cassiar districts are the favorite hunting grounds for big game. In Southeast Kootenay, what is known as an "organized district," has been formed. There no race or class has any special privilege as far as the killing of game goes. The Lillooet big game country lies distant forty-five miles from the town of Lytton, which is the outfitting point. The big horn are still abundant in this district. This is probably the only place on the continent where sheep are found in any number. Lillooet, as a sheep country, the hills bare and for the most part covered with a deposit of loose drift, rise to a height of between 8,000 and 10,000 feet above sea-level.

Unlike the average goat country, steep hills, gorges and precipitous cliffs are absent, and the going is so good, and foothold so sure, that one can travel almost anywhere over the ranges on horseback. Sheep paths streak the hills in every direction, winding in and out up to and over the divides whence they descend. Nowhere the travel on these heights is dangerous, in fact, it is about the easiest mountain-climbing possible.

In the Lillooet there is also to be found some of the finest deer hunting in British Columbia. The mule deer are to be found in this locality in great numbers and afford excellent sport.

Farther north in the Chilcotin country caribou are plentiful and some elk are also to be had, but they are scarce.

To the south of the Bridge River there are grizzly bear and goat. The grizzly season opens in the spring, and many parties go in every year to the headwaters of Cadwallar Creek and big kills have been numerous there. One grizzly killed there this season was an immense fellow, almost the largest ever taken in the district. Goat are to be found in abundance at the head of Cadwallar Creek. A little patient watching will discover the nimble-footed animals either feeding or sweeping along the faces of the cliffs in sport or flight.

Game in the Kootenays has suffered a great deal from the depredations of the Stony Indians, who in the past have made it a practice to periodically run through some of the numerous mountain passes from Alberta into British Columbia. These Indians, having no game to kill on the eastern slopes of the Rockies, are attracted to the Kootenays in order that they may secure food. This year, however, the provincial authorities took steps to shut the Stonies out, and for that purpose employed men to guard the passes. The protective measures were effective, and there were no big game drives carried out by the red men.

There are moose, caribou, sheep, goat, bear and deer in Northeast Kootenay, besides many varieties of the smaller fur-bearing animals. For game protection purposes L. H. Estell of Golden, was appointed deputy game warden for the district last season. The application was temporary, but is a hint that the authorities are alive to the needs of the district. Elk, while not very plentiful, may still be found in Southeast Kootenay. There are no caribou there, but sheep, bear and deer are plentiful, and it is said that some sheep are occasionally sighted.

In both the Kootenays grizzlies are plentiful and are much hunted. In the spring bear-hunting parties leave Golden, in Northeast Kootenay, and Fernie, in the southeast and at no great distance from either place good sport is to be found.

There is considerable hunting done in the coast district, the area of which is immense, extending from the southernly to the northern boundaries of the province along hundreds of miles of greatly indented coast lines. In this district may be included Vancouver Island, in the northern part of which some excellent wapiti shooting is to be had. Black bear also abound on the Island, and everywhere else on the coast.

The coast ranges afford some good goat-shooting, and within twenty miles of Vancouver there is almost as good goat-hunting as can be found anywhere in the country. Some of the goats on these ranges attain immense proportions.

On Vancouver Island wapiti have been seen as far south as Duncan. Their home, however, lies further to the north, and in the central part of the island, much of which is absolutely unexplored. The hunting grounds on the island are easily accessible for the reason that they are situated but a short distance inland from either the east or west coasts. The heart of the island may be approached from many directions.

It was in Cassiar, one of the best big game districts on the continent, that twenty-one parties took out 132 head of game during the season which has just closed. Game was so plentiful that while many of the parties went in prepared to spend two months and two months and a half, they came out at the expiration of six and seven weeks well satisfied with their sport.

In this district are the haunts of the ovis stonci, sheep which differ in color from the Big Horn, as their bodies are not so massive, neither are they as much prized. The ovis stonci are to be found in thousands in the Cassiar. There are no deer and no elk, but it is a great caribou country, the rangefer osborni, an immense animal with magnificent horns, is common. Farther north in the Bad Lands, caribou are also numerous, but they have smaller horns than the rangefer osborni. This animal is

without doubt the finest specimen of the caribou family on the continent, its horns sometimes being five feet long with a spread of five feet.

As a hunting ground for big moose the Cassiar is quite the equal of the famous Kenai Peninsula country in Alaska, which is so much frequented by hunters desiring handsome moose-head trophies. The spread of the horns of two moose killed in the Cassiar last season was sixty and a half inches and a spread of seventy inches is far from being uncommon.

Mr. Bryan Williams, provincial game warden, in speaking about the immense moose of this district, stated that it had been reported to him that one animal with horns of eighty-four inches spread had been killed. Mr. Williams stated that he fully believed the report, as he had received an American, who had witnessed the killing.

A comparison of game license statistics of New Brunswick, Maine and British Columbia is interesting in that it shows that the hunting parties coming to this province are few. Last season 354 licenses were taken out by hunters in New Brunswick, 2,000 were issued in Maine, and but 60 in British Columbia.

The New Time.

It ain't so much the old times—
Though bright they be to view;
The world's more interested
In the times they call "The New";
An' jest what they're a-goin'
To do with me an' you.

For life is flyin' faster
Than driftwood on a stream;
The old times keep the shadder,
The new times give the gleam;
An' they make us hop so lively
We ain't got time to dream.
—Atlanta Constitution.

"When Maxim Gorky lunched with me," says a literary New Yorker, "he talked well about the Russian censorship."

"He said that during the Russo-Japanese war he had occasion in an article to describe the headquarters of the grand dukes. He wrote of these headquarters among other things:

"And over the desk in his highness' tent is a large photograph of Marie la Jambe, the beautiful ballet dancer."

"Before this article could appear the censor changed that sentence to: 'And over the desk in his highness' tent is a large map of the theatre of war.'"

Tonic Mineral Baths, Sun Parlor, and restful surroundings tend to make "The Welland," St. Catharines, the place to recuperate after the strenuous season.

One and one-half hours' ride from Toronto—reasonable rates. Apply G. T. Ry. office, King and Yonge, or "The Welland," St. Catharines.

Editor—"Threatening to sue us for libel! Good heavens! What for?"

Manager—"Through some mistake we described her as being in evening dress at a five-o'clock tea."—Harper's Bazar.

W.A. Murray & Co. Limited.

Our New Spring Materials

Are now arriving every day. They will be ready for your inspection, on Wednesday, Feb. 6, 1907

Dainty New Materials in the Latest Parisian and English Effects

W.A. Murray & Co. Limited, 17 to 21 King St. East, Toronto

How Fools and Their Money are Parted

It is interesting to note that in a few isolated instances the press of America is making an effort to warn the public against sinking money in wildcat mining schemes. Ridgway's of New York, has a representative in the Nevada mining region investigating, for the guidance of its readers, those companies which advertise in the East, while the Denver Daily Mining Record, a champion of corporation publicity, pillories in its columns twelve hundred mining companies which it finds "not entitled to public confidence." Mr. Frank Fayant, writing in Success, presents some facts which are both interesting and admonitory. After quoting from a number of the flamboyant advertisements with which we are only too familiar, he asks pertinently: "How many of these companies, in the advertising of which the English language is drained of superlatives, are going to live and pay dividends?" And for answer he turns back to the somewhat similar promotion craze of five years ago, when "the public invaded Wall Street and went on a speculative debauch." A careful investigation of every company that advertised its shares in the Sunday edition of the New York Herald in 1901 and part of 1902—150 companies in all—reveals the fact that only one is to-day paying dividends to its stockholders. Says Mr. Fayant:

"It has paid two dividends of one per cent. each this year, and its stock is selling in the open market at less than half what investors paid for it five years ago, although its promoters asserted then that 'it is doubtful whether anything has ever been offered to the public for subscription which gives so much promise from so small an outlay.'"

"In all this brave array of wonderful ventures that were to make fortunes for the credulous, one company is paying a dividend—and a dividend smaller than that paid by the savings banks. One other is a going manufacturing concern, that ignores my request for information; a third is a going real-estate company, that repurchased from investors the stocks sold to them; a fourth is a plantation company waiting for its rubber trees to grow up; two are struggling oil companies, in need of money; eighteen are gold mines, still hoping to strike it rich, and nearly all are in need of money. Of the one hundred and twenty-six other ventures, twenty-two may be classed as moribund, while the remaining one hundred and four are dead and gone, forgotten by all but the investors who bravely put their money into them."

"And now to look behind these cold figures of buried hopes!"

"The man who set the pace for the wildcat promoters of 1901 was L. E. Pike, of Hartford, Conn., dubbed by Mr. Stevens 'the notorious Pike.' Pike spent in 1901 and 1902 not far from \$150,000 in advertising—profitable advertising. His flamboyant poster

broadside in the newspapers made all the little promoters gasp in envy. Recklessly, ridiculously extravagant in their promises and prophecies, these big, black-type, circus-bill appeals to small investors reaped a rich harvest. The whole problem with Pike was how to sell a maximum amount of stock at a minimum advertising outlay. To sell \$100 worth of stock at an advertising cost of \$80 was poor business; to sell it at a cost of \$40 was good business. He cared little about the intrinsic worth of the properties he exploited. A hole in the ground was, in his mind, a gold mine, and, after Pike had turned the English language loose on it, it became one of the richest properties on the face of the earth. His Washington Copper and Milling Company, claimed to be 'the richest property in the United States,' had nothing more than a fifty-foot hole in a gravel bed.

"I am using the past tense in telling the story of Pike. But Pike is not a memory, like his companies. He is in Hartford to-day, and even now may be poring over his dictionary for new adjectives with which to decorate more circus-bill tales of fortune-making in oil or gold or marvellous inventions. I wonder that the new craze for mining stocks, rapidly growing into the proportions of the South Sea Bubble, does not bring Pike out of his hiding-place."

"This here," said the policeman, "is what I found on him, your Honor—a jimmy, a lantern, a centrepiece and a piece of lead pipe, all wrapped in a newspaper to look like a bundle of groceries."

The prisoner drew himself up proudly. "Do not, your Honor," he exclaimed, "convict me on such worthless evidence as that. I am an honest automobilist, and the articles mentioned are nothing but my lamp and repair kit."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Old Gentleman—How old are you, little girl?

"Eight years, sir."

"Gracious me, I did not think you were as old as that!"

Little Girl (aside to her mother)—He only said that to flatter me didn't he, mama! — Translated from La Sacta.

Uncle Jake—"Talk about keepin' abreast of the times! 'Tain't possible. Ye git the hens to settin', an' some idjit invents inkycators; an' by the time ye've paid the last instalment on yer inkycator some lobster starts a scheme fer makin' artificial eggs."—Harper's Bazar.

The Sphinx had propounded her riddle.

"What would you do if I got on a crowded car and you had a seat?" she asked.

Once again mere man was compelled to give it up.—Harper's Bazar.

She (the day before marriage)—We must not have our wedding trip last too long, or the only travelling suit I have will be out of fashion.—Translated from Megendorfer Blatter.

The DOMINION BANK

Proceedings of the Thirty-Sixth Annual General Meeting of the Stockholders

THE THIRTY-SIXTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE DOMINION BANK was held at the Banking House of the Institution, Toronto, on Wednesday, January 30th, 1907.

Among those present were noticed:

Lieut. Col. Sir Henry Pellatt, Dr. Andrew Smith, Dr. C. O'Reilly, Messrs. W. D. Matthews, James Carruthers, Wm. Ross, W. R. Brock, J. J. Foy, A. Monro Grier, J. J. Dixon, L. H. Baldwin, W. Glenney (Oshawa), Aemilius Baldwin, F. J. Harris, W. C. Harvey, W. J. Dixon, J. G. Ramsey, W. Crocker, R. Mulholland, P. Leadley, W. C. Crowther, Jas. Matthews, David Kidd (Hamilton), W. T. Ramsay, R. M. Gray, J. T. Small, S. Samuel, J. A. Procter, W. Cecil Lee, G. N. Reynolds, W. G. Cassels, Wm. Davies, F. J. Phillips, H. Gordon Mackenzie, J. Gordon Jones, R. J. Christie, H. B. Hodgins, S. Noxon, Ira Standish, David Smith, A. W. Austin, H. W. A. Foster, Cawthra Mulock, F. D. Benjamin, Jas. Scott, F. H. Gooch, A. R. Boswell, J. F. Kavanagh, A. Foulds, E. C. Burton, Victor Cawthra, W. Mulock, Jr., F. J. Stewart, A. H. Campbell, Jr., J. D. Trees, A. Bell, Richard Brown, C. A. Bogert, and others.

It was moved by Mr. L. Baldwin, seconded by Mr. S. Samuel, that Mr. W. D. Matthews do take the chair, and that Mr. C. A. Bogert do act as Secretary. Messrs. A. R. Boswell and W. G. Cassels were appointed Scrutineers.

The Secretary read the Report of the Directors to the Shareholders, and submitted the Annual Statement of the affairs of the Bank, which is as follows:

TO THE SHAREHOLDERS:

The Directors beg to present the following Statement of the result of the business of the Bank for the year ending 31st December, 1906.

Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 30th December, 1905	\$249,437 97
Profit for the year ending 31st December, 1906, after deducting charges of management, etc., and making provision for bad and doubtful debts	539,360 36
	\$788,798 33
Dividend 3 per cent., paid 2nd April, 1906	\$90,000 00
Dividend 3 per cent., paid 3rd July, 1906	90,000 00
Dividend 3 per cent., paid 1st Oct., 1906	90,000 00
Dividend 3 per cent., payable 2nd Jan., 1907	90,000 00
	\$360,000 00
Transferred to Reserve Fund	400,000 00
	760,000 00
Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward	\$28,798 33

RESERVE FUND

Balance at credit of account, 30th December, 1905	\$3,500,000 00
Transferred from Profit and Loss Account	400,000 00
	\$3,900,000 00

With great regret we have to record the sudden death in May last of Mr. Theodore G. Brough, the late General Manager, who had been in the service of the Bank continuously since 1875. He was the Chief Executive Officer for seven years during which short time he accomplished much for the development and welfare of the Institution.

Mr. C. A. Bogert, Manager of the Montreal branch for eight years, and who entered the Bank more than twenty-five years ago, was appointed to succeed him.

On account of the continued expansion in the business of the Bank, your Directors have decided that it is an opportune time to issue the remaining one million dollars of authorized Capital Stock; and, having in view future requirements which may reasonably be expected, have approved of a by-law to be submitted for your consideration at the Annual Meeting, which provides for a further increase in the Capital Stock of the extent of one million dollars. This will make the total authorized Capital five million dollars.

You will also be asked to consider a by-law increasing the number of Directors from seven to nine, which is thought to be advisable owing to the diversity of our interests throughout Canada and the gradual extension of our operations.

During the twelve months just closed Branches of the Bank were established at the following points, and, when expedient, desirable sites were purchased and suitable offices erected: In the Province of Ontario at Chatham, Dresden, Peterborough, Tilbury, Windsor, and in Toronto, at the corners of Avenue road and Davenport road, and Queen street and Broadview avenue; in the Province of Alberta, at Calgary and Edmonton, and at Regina, Sask.

In addition we have to inform you that in December last the private banking business of Messrs. John Curry & Company, at Windsor, was acquired under terms advantageous to the Shareholders, which transaction included the purchase of a commodious building, well situated in this important centre.

It was found necessary to provide larger premises for our North End Branch, Winnipeg, and for this purpose a valuable property has been secured.

The Directors, following their usual custom, examined the Securities and Cash Reserves of the Bank as on December 31st, 1906, and found them to be correct; they also verified the Head Office Balance Sheet, including all accounts kept with Foreign Agents.

Every Office of the Bank has been carefully inspected during the past twelve months, and each Branch has been visited by the General Manager since his appointment in May last.

E. B. OSLER,
President.

The Report was adopted.

By laws were passed increasing the number of Directors from seven to nine, and providing for an increase of \$1,000,000 in the Capital Stock, which will make the total authorized Capital of the Bank \$5,000,000.

The thanks of the Shareholders were tendered to the President, Vice-President and Directors for their services during the year, and to the General Manager and other Officers of the Bank for the efficient performance of their respective duties.

The following gentlemen were elected Directors for the ensuing year: Messrs. A. W. Austin, W. R. Brock, James Carruthers, R. J. Christie, T. Eaton, J. J. Foy, K. C. M. L. A. Wilmot D. Matthews, A. M. Nanton, and E. B. Osler, M. P.

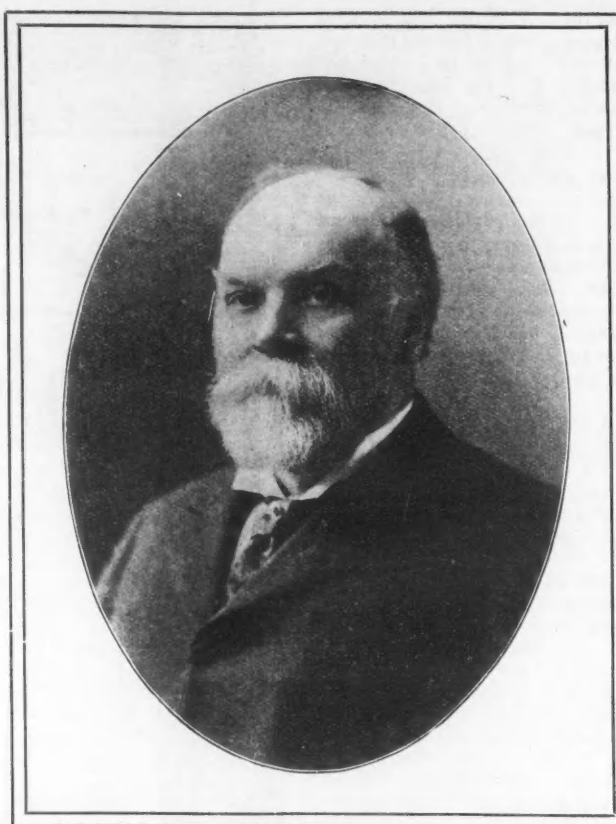
At a subsequent meeting of the Directors, Mr. E. B. Osler, M. P., was elected President, and Mr. Wilmot D. Matthews, Vice-President, for the ensuing term.

General Statement of LIABILITIES

Notes in Circulation	\$2,691,986 00
Deposits not bearing interest	\$5,364,018 53
Deposits bearing interest (including interest accrued to date)	31,512,137 94
	36,876,156 47
Deposits by other Banks in Canada	193,340 36
Balance due to London Agents	2,729,862 98
	\$42,491,245 81
Total Liabilities to the Public	
Capital Stock paid up	3,000,000 00
Reserve Fund	\$3,900,000 00
Balance of Profits carried forward	28,798 33
Dividend No. 97, payable 2nd January, 1907	90,000 00
Former Dividends unclaimed	107 25
Reserved for Exchange, etc.	61,144 74
Reserved for rebate on Bills Discounted	122,983 16
	4,203,033 47
	\$46,694,379 28

ASSETS

Specie	\$1,110,131 11
Dominion Government Demand Notes	3,465,630 00
Deposit with Dominion Government for Security of Note Circulation	150,000 00
Notes of and Cheques on other Banks	2,113,631 29
Balances due from other Banks in Canada	1,062,744 45
Balances due from other Banks elsewhere than in Canada and the United Kingdom	1,121,390 69
	9,013,327 67



THE LATE MR. TIMOTHY EATON OF TORONTO

[Mr. Eaton died suddenly on the morning of Thursday, Jan. 31. He was known as one of the greatest retail merchants in America, and his immense store in Toronto and Winnipeg, are the centres of a retail business that covers all Canada.]

SOCIETY

The studio of the Strolling Players was filled last Saturday afternoon with a large and appreciative audience, who heard a most delightful programme, arranged by Dr. T. Alexander Davies. Miss Jennie E. Williams, A.T.C.M., who always sings with artistic taste, gave a fine interpretation of a selection of songs from Fendin's "A Lover in Damascus." Riego's Happy Song was sung with good effect by Miss Jean Sutherland. Miss Clara Rutley displayed much technical ability and fine musical temperament in a sonata by Votti and the Wieniawski "Legend" for the violin. A contralto voice of exceptionally good quality and one of much promise is that of Miss Edyth Trebilcock, who sang two songs with pleasing effect. Miss Jessie Allen, Mr. Vogt's talented pupil, played two difficult numbers with much technical facility. Mr. Roddis, tenor, and Mr. Marley Sherrie, the popular baritone, also delighted the audience with their singing. Among those present were: Mrs. Walter S. Lee, Mrs. Selwyn, Mrs. A. S. Vogt, Miss Hagarty, Miss Whitney, daughter of the Premier, Miss Gage, Miss Wilkinson, Dr. and Mrs. Garratt, Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Gallo-

way, Mrs. Thomas Davies, Mrs. Roaf, Miss Chadwick of Montreal, Misses McCrea of Renfrew, Miss Junkin, Mr. Goulding.

On January 14 the marriage of Miss Grace Rochfort, youngest daughter of Captain J. de Burgh Rochfort (R.N.) of Blackheath, London, England, to Thomas Alexander Horne of Lloydminster, Sask., took place in St. Cyprian's Church, the Rev. C. A. Seager officiating. The bride arrived in Toronto on Saturday, and was the guest of Mrs. Elmore Turk, Bathurst street. After the wedding Mr. and Mrs. Horne left for Niagara and other western points en route to their new home in Lloydminster, Sask.

Mrs. Sterling and her daughters, Elvira and Nina, are safely settled in their home, Cranham House, near Stroud, Glos., England, after a very stormy and rough voyage to Liverpool, though a very enjoyable one, with pleasant friends on board.

The gentlemen of Galt gave a most successful dance in the town hall on the evening of Thursday, January 17. The London Harpers furnished excellent music, and the latest two-steps were keenly enjoyed by the merry dancers. The stewards of the evening

Provincial Government Securities	239,302 85
Canadian Municipal Securities and British or Foreign or Colonial Public Securities other than Canadian	696,130 79
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks	2,149,265 67
Loans on Call secured by Stocks and Debentures	3,703,134 50
	15,801,161 43
Bills Discounted and Advances Current	32,915,267 70
Overdue Debts (estimated loss provided for)	20,516 40
Bank Premises	950,000 00
Other Assets not included under foregoing heads	7,433 70
	33,893,217 80
	\$49,694,379 28

C. A. BOGERT,
General Manager.

Toronto, 31st December, 1906.

EDISON **VICTOR**

GRAND OPERA

Are You a Lover of High-Grade Music?

Are you bored by the rag-time and sentimental songs of the present day and do you care for some compositions of the great masters?

THE EDISON or VICTOR PHONOGRAPH or GRAMOPHONE

WILL SUPPLY YOUR DEMANDS NO MATTER HOW EXACTING

Cheerfully Demonstrated Call in

THE WILLIAMS & SONS CO. LIMITED.

143 YONGE ST. - TORONTO.

were: Messrs. Dietrich, MacGregor, Bourne, Edmonds and Robarts, who were untiring in their efforts in looking after the enjoyment of their guests. Some of those present were: Mrs. C. R. H. Warnock, in pale yellow brocade; Mrs. Ferguson, in black lace; Mrs. Easton, wearing gray; Mrs. F. Erichsen Brown, in pale Liberty satin; Miss Winnie Spiers, white organdie, with forget-me-nots; Miss Edith Scott, black lace; Miss Nellie Perry, blue silk under white; Miss Jessie Hill (Guelph), white lace; Miss Taylor, palest blue; Misses Easton, in dainty frocks of point d'esprit; Miss Ball (Wodstock), white lace over pink; Miss Evelyn Jarvis, white net with Liberty sashes; Miss Jaffray, pink crepe de Chine; Miss Wurlich, pale pink mousseline de soie, and many others.

Mrs. E. W. Lawrence, 210 Major street, will receive on Tuesday, February 5.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Gordon Macdonald entertained a small party at dinner on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Joseph Irving, 78 1-2 Charles street, will receive for the first time this season on Monday, February 4.

Mrs. George H. Elliott (nee Hirst) will receive for the first time since her marriage at her home, 2341 East Queen street, corner, Balsam avenue, Balmy Beach, on Wednesday, February 6, from three to six.

The following Toronto citizens are guests at The Welland, St. Catharines: Mrs. R. Southam, Miss Fitzgibbon, Miss D. Cosgrave, Mrs. E. Remon, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Gundy, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Tisdale, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Riddell, Mrs. Barker, Rev. Canon Cayley, Miss Cayley, Mrs. Cartwright, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Ramsey, Miss A. Pearson.

Mrs. Bert Lee gave a farewell tea on Wednesday to Mrs. Jack Murray, who is leaving at once for a long trip in Southern Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Garside of Lowther avenue have gone to Palm Beach, Florida.

Mrs. Thomas Davies, Wellesley street, will receive on the first and third Mondays in February.

A Royal Recognition.

It may be news to a few of our Toronto readers to learn that the Prince of Wales when Duke of York, on his interesting tour throughout Canada, was so pleased with the excellence of our great mineral water, "Radnor," that a supply of it was placed on the Royal train and used by him throughout the whole journey, and not only this, but when he lately visited our great Empire in India, the Radnor Water Company unsolicited, received a large order for the Water to be placed on the vessel which conveyed His Highness to India, and also, the Army and Navy stores forwarded a quantity of the water to the principal cities he visited in the East, so that there was no danger of the supply running short.

After his Canadian tour the Prince of Wales was pleased to confer the honor of the Royal Warrant on the Radnor Water Co. as Special Purveyors to His Royal Highness.

His Excellency the Governor-General of this country has also been so pleased by the excellence of Radnor that he uses it at Government House, and the Radnor Water Co. have had the honor of being made Special Purveyors to His Excellency.

Englishmen coming to this country invariably try Radnor Water, and often they express surprise that Canadians use any foreign mineral waters at all when they have the advantage of such an excellent water of their own.

Expressions of satisfaction are heard on every hand from Ceramic artists on account of the facilities offered by the Ceramic Art Importing Co., 181 Yonge street (upstairs), for the selection from so many unique shapes in Belleek and French China for decorating, never heretofore available in Toronto. Also fine selection of back numbers of "Ceramic Studio."

Herbert E. Simpson, photographer, formerly of College street, has opened a studio at 108 Yonge street, five doors south of Adelaide.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb

BIRTHS.
RUCHL—To Dr. and Mrs. M. C. S. Ruchl, 143 Hazel avenue, Chicago, a daughter.
GILLARD—Toronto, January 29, 1907, to Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Gillard, a son.
GILMOUR—Toronto, January 30,

Constipation, the Curse of the Nation

The Easy Way to Cure It.

Constipation is responsible for most of the ordinary ills of to-day. Upset stomach, indigestion, torpid liver, biliousness, headaches, are caused, nine times in ten, by Constipation.

Hunyadi Janos cures these troubles indirectly, because it cures Constipation. It not only makes the bowels move easily and freely—but it so strengthens and invigorates the muscles and nerves of the bowels that they soon move regularly and naturally without any further help. Hunyadi Janos is doing this the world over. It is famous for its health-restoring qualities. It contains no drugs, no retching, griping purgatives. It is a product of Nature, inimitable and perfect as everything is that Nature produces. There is only one Hunyadi Janos.

All druggists sell it. Try a small bottle, it costs but a trifle.

FABRIZIO

IMPORTER
LADIES' TAILOR

Evening Gowns Riding Habits Opera Cloaks

280 COLLEGE STREET
TORONTO
PHONE NORTH 4922
Paris and New York

THE GLIFTON HOTEL

(JUST COMPLETED)
Niagara Falls, Canada
Open Winter and Summer. Facing both Falls. Luxuriously furnished. Rooms heated by Electricity.
G. R. MAJOR, Manager.

Spring Styles

MONDAY, the 28th January, workrooms re-open after holiday rest. Modistes will then be back from the first New York trip for this season. Everything in splendid shape to give perfect satisfaction.

GOWNS TAILOR MADE R. W. PARKINSON 56 College St., Toronto

W.H. STONE CO. Undertakers 32 CARLTON ST. PHONE NORTH 3755

J. YOUNG (Ains. Millard) The Leading Undertaker 355 Yonge St. Phone M. 579

Phone North 4131 A. W. MILES Mortician 395 College St. TORONTO (the block east of Bathurst)

1907, to Dr. and Mrs. Charles H. Gilmour, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

CHALK—MACGILLIVRAY—On Wednesday, January 23, at 1287 Bloor street west, by Rev. Alex. Macgillivray, Flora Macgillivray to William Egbert Chalk, both of Toronto.

DEATHS.

CONLIN—Toronto, January 28, 1907, Ellen (Nellie), daughter of the late Henry Conlin.
ELLIOTT—At 203 Beverley street, Toronto, on January 29, 1907, Annie Young Elliott, in her 85th year.
LANE—At 251 Sherbourne street, Toronto, on Monday, January 28, 1907, James Lane, in his 88th year.

Society at the Capital

THE visit of the distinguished American statesman, Hon. Elihu Root, Secretary of State of the United States, which extended over a few days of last week, was the occasion of several impromptu gatherings of a social character, as well as a large official dinner, given by Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Grey, whose guests Hon. Mr., Mrs. and Miss Root were, on Monday at Government House. The latter function was a large and characteristic assemblage of prominent citizens of the Capital, representing both Church and State, and including all the Cabinet Ministers, judges, senators and members of Parliament who are in town at present, with their wives. A distinguished party also came up from Montreal in a special car for this interesting event, including Sir Thomas and Lady Shaughnessy, Hon. Raoul and Madame Dandurand, Mr. C. M. Hays, Mrs. E. E. Morse and her son, Mr. Frank Morse. Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier entertained in honor of the American visitors at a luncheon, when covers were laid for sixteen guests, and the table was one of the prettiest seen this season, with quantities of scarlet tulips intermingled with lily of the valley and red carnations. The guests on the occasion were Hon. Chief Justice Fitzpatrick, Mrs. and Miss Fitzpatrick, Sir Frederick, Lady and Miss Borden, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pope, Captain Newton, A.D.C., Hon. Sydney Fisher and Hon. L. P. Brodeur.

On Monday the Consul-General for the United States and Mrs. Foster entertained in honor of their fellow-countryman and his wife and daughter at a charmingly arranged luncheon at the Golf Club House, when thirty guests sat down at a table daintily decorated with sweet peas, pink carnations and smilax. Those who enjoyed this most delightful gathering were Lady Evelyn Grey, Colonel and Mrs. Hanbury Williams, Captain Newton, A.D.C., Sir Louis and Lady Davies, Sir Frederick and Lady Borden, Sir Sandford Fleming, Hon. Sydney Fisher, Hon. W. S. and Miss Fielding, Colonel and Miss Gladys Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. Jose Machado, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Borden, Mayor Scott and Miss Mary Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber, Mrs. W. G. Perley, Mrs. Crombie and Mr. W. L. Mackenzie King. Hon. Mr. Root and party left the Capital on Tuesday.

Lady Victoria Grenfell, the eldest daughter of Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Grey, who is at present at Government House, has been suffering for the past two weeks from an attack of typhoid fever. Fortunately, although at first great anxiety was felt, it has turned out to be of a mild type, and the patient is reported as progressing favorably. Her husband, Mr. Arthur Grenfell, arrived in town early in the week, and will remain at Government House for some time.

The Rideau Rink, which, unfortunately, is now no more, having been completely destroyed by fire on Friday morning last, was on Monday night the scene of a very large and successful skating party, given by Lady Cartwright and her daughters. The former was unable to be present, as the official dinner at Government House on the same evening claimed her presence with Sir Richard Cartwright, but Mrs. Alex. D. Cartwright, her daughter-in-law, ably filled her post as hostess, with the assistance of the Misses Cartwright. The rink, as usual on festive occasions, was brilliant with many gay colored flags and numerous electric lights, and the best of music was supplied, to which the skaters glided about in the mazy whirl of the waltz, etc., the onlookers being amply provided with comfortable seats and warm rugs. A delicious hot supper was served late in the evening in the tea-room, which was arranged with small tables prettily decorated with red and white carnations.

Several very charming luncheons were among the principal features of the social round during the week, each and all of them being given in special honor of some popular visitor in town. Mrs. F. W. Avery's on Tuesday was one of the smartest, when fourteen guests were invited to meet her eldest daughter, Mrs. Arthur Price of Quebec. Those who came to welcome their former companion among them once more were: Mrs. Hugh Fleming, Mrs. Gilbert Fauquier, Mrs. David Gilmour, Mrs. Harry Cassils, Miss Pauline Lemoine, Miss Tudor Montizambert, Miss Kingsford, Miss Ethel Jones, Miss Alice Fitzpatrick, Miss Crombie, Miss Gwendolyn Anderson and Miss Amy McLymont of Montreal, who is Mrs. Gilbert Fauquier's guest.

Another delightful luncheon which came off on Tuesday was Mrs. J. Lyons Biggar's, given specially for two popular visitors in the Capital, Miss Evelyn Dewar of Hamilton, who is with her brother, Mr. P. Barrett Dewar, and Mrs. Dewar, and Miss Mary Campbell of Toronto, who is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. MacLennan, and Mr. Justice MacLennan, in Somerset street. American Beauty roses were very artistically arranged on the pretty table, and others present were Mrs. MacLennan, Lady Taschereau, Mrs. W. E. Hodgins, Mrs. W. G. Perley, Miss Honour Clayton and Miss May Griffin.

Mrs. Cheney of Boston, who a few years ago spent a winter in the Capital, and has since been in India and travelling on the Continent, is the guest of Sir Richard and Lady Cartwright, and has been the *raison d'être* of a number of pleasant little gatherings since her arrival. Sir Richard and Lady Cartwright entertained at a dinner party in her honor on Thursday. On Friday Hon. Sydney Fisher was the host of a very smart little festivity of the same sort in the same good cause, and on Saturday Mrs. J. Lyons Biggar completed the trio of the most enjoyable dinners of the season for this popular guest. Lady Davies invited several ladies to meet Mrs. Cheney at the tea-hour on Friday.

Two bright little dinners at Rideau Cottage were among the social events on the week's programme, and on Wednesday Colonel and Mrs. Hanbury Williams' guests were Hon. Rodolphe and Madame Lemieux, Mr. F. D. Monk, M.P., and Mrs. Monk, Mr. and Mrs. Aylwyn Creighton, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. T. O'Hara, Mr. and Mrs. James W. Woods and Lieutenant-Colonel Shore. At the second dinner on Friday those invited were: Dr. and Mrs. James Mills, Dr. and Mrs. T. E. Dawson, Mr. and Mrs. Bergeron, Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Fred White, Colonel Sam Hughes, M.P., Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Cory and Miss Mary Jarvis.

Owing to the fact that on the first three Saturdays in January the weather was quite too impossible for outdoor amusements, the first skating and tobogganing party of this season came off at Government House last Saturday, January 26, when a very large number availed themselves of the glorious bright winter's afternoon to join in the sports, a most successful event being the outcome, an added pleasure being the news of Lady Grenfell's satisfactory progress. One of the many delights provided for the enjoyment of the guests was the fine playing of the Church Lads' Brigade Band of St. John's, Newfoundland, the members of which, twenty-two in number, arrived in town on Friday to take their part in His Excellency's competition next week, and were guests of Their Excellencies at Rideau Hall on Saturday afternoon.

Stadacona Hall was on Friday the scene of the second brilliant reception of this season, at which Lady Borden entertained a large number of sessional guests, as well as many Ottawans. Miss Elizabeth Borden assisted her mother in receiving, and at the tea-table Mrs. Clarence Burrill and Miss Kingsford poured tea and chocolate. In the drawing-room the air was sweet with the fragrance of many American Beauty roses, large clusters of which were also arranged on the tea-table. Lady Borden was becomingly gowned in cream chiffon broadcloth and Miss Borden wore raspberry crepe de Chine embroidered in the same shade.

THE CHAPERONE.
Ottawa, January 28, 1906.

Skeletons Found by Nome Prospectors.

THE Nome Gold Digger has an interesting story of the find of the skeletons of a tribe of natives who perished from hunger nearly twenty years ago. The find was made by a party of prospectors on St. Lawrence Island, where they were investigating some quartz veins. The 150 skeletons bore grim testimony to the suffering which the natives must have endured at that time. The natives at that time had no firearms, and many bows and arrows and other primitive weapons were found by the prospectors. A native guide whom they met at

the village told them that the tradition of the natives at that place knew of the other settlement of natives farther south, but that the two tribes were not on terms of friendliness, and that there had been a feud between them for nearly one hundred years before the terrible winter in which they all perished. The natives stated that a whaling vessel had come to the southern portion of the island during the previous summer, and that instead of spending the open season in hunting and fishing, the dead natives idled away their time. The catch of seal and walrus was very poor that year, and the tribe found themselves at the approach of the cold weather practically unprovided for.

The winter was severe. One heavy blizzard followed another all through the season, and the natives were unable to hunt or fish. Gradually they died off, and before the warm weather came around again they were all dead. The party of prospectors state that the tale of the guide seems to be borne out by the discoveries they made. The skeletons are scattered over a very wide area, with, in almost every instance, the remnants of bows and arrows and other crude implements for hunting and fishing. There was every evidence that many of the unfortunate natives had fallen in their tracks while they were in the pursuit of some animal with which to sustain life.

The prospectors also made another interesting discovery in the form of an uninhabited island, some distance to the south from St. Lawrence Island. The island has the appearance of being mineralized.

One of the returned prospectors states that the natives of St. Lawrence Island had not previously seen any dynamite, and when a charge was put in the ledge which they were prospecting, and exploded, the natives took to their heels, and from that time hence gave the place a very wide berth.

"The Vampire" Revised.

A woman there was, and she loved a man
(Even as others have done);
It has been woman's way since the world began,
We called him a burlesque on nature's plan,
But she loved him only as a woman can,
Even as others have done.
Oh, she did not know, and she could not know,
When she gave him her heart and hand,
That her proud red lips would be made to sup
The bitter dregs from humility's cup;
For she did not understand.

A woman there was, and she tried to keep
(Even as others have done);
All slumbering doubts and fears asleep
But into her heart there fain would creep,
What others have sown, she was forced to reap,
Even as others have done.
Oh, the waiting hours, and the wakeful hours!
And the toil of head and hand,
The honor, and faith, and devotion rare,
Are lost in the depths of a deep despair;
For she learned to understand.

She made her prayer but to be denied
She was shorn of her youth, her grace, her pride,
But she loved the man till the day she died;
And she tried from the world her grief to hide,
Even as others have done.
Oh, the hearts that ache, and the hearts that break,
When a blow from Fate's strong hand
Has shattered to atoms our idol of trust,
And we find it was made of common dust,
And know, and understand.

—M. B. Williams, in Chicago Record-Herald.

Johnny—"Ma says will you please lend her some eggs and sugar and butter and flour?"
Mrs. Subbubs—"Certainly, and I'll lend her my doctor when she tries to eat her cake."—Harper's Bazar.

Poet—What do you think of this little poem of mine, "She Would Not Smile."
Editor—I think if you had read the poem to her she would have smiled.—Translated from Le Rire.

Boro—Does not the motion of the ship make you sick, Miss Bonds?
"No, but the conversation I hear on board does."—Translated from Simplicissimus.

Cholly—"Did you get the deer?"
Algy—"Er—no; I mistook it for a hat-rack."—Harper's Bazar.



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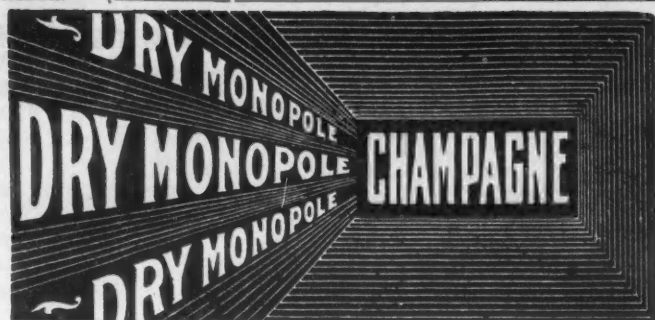
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ELUCIDATION OF BEETHOVEN'S NINTH SYMPHONY

To be presented by the Mendelssohn Choir
in Toronto Next Week.
By SIEGFRIED HERZ

AS we shall have the pleasure of hearing this wonderful work in a few days by our Mendelssohn Choir, the following may be of some interest to those who will hear this greatest musical creation of the nineteenth century.

On account of the great difficulty which some people experience in comprehending this important symphony, some hints might be given to facilitate the understanding of the artistic dispositions of the same, which might possibly fail to be heard by the less prepared hearer. Since it must be acknowledged that the essence of higher instrumental music consists in expressing in tones what is inexpressible in words, so we believe that we can only solve, by way of suggestion, an otherwise unattainable task, in using words of the greatest German poet, Goethe, which express the higher human frame of mind of this pure musical creation so sublimely, that one could be satisfied with the holding of these impressions. This is the way in which Wagner liked to get an understanding of the Ninth Symphony.

First Phrase.

A terrible war of the soul striving for happiness against the pressure of the hostile power, which places itself between us and the happiness of earth seems to be the foundation of the first phrase. The chief theme which already in the very beginning comes forth powerfully and boldly could perhaps be translated by Goethe's words: "Renounce! renounce! is still the word."

Opposite this powerful enemy we recognize a noble defiance which up to the middle of the phrase rises to an open struggle with the adversary. In some bright rays we recognize the joyful sweet smiling of the happiness, which seems to seek after us, for the possession of which we have longed for, and from the reaching of which we are restrained by that spiteful, powerful enemy. Thus, power, resistance, longing hoping, nearly attaining, disappearing again, seeking again, struggling again, from the elements of that wonderful tone piece, which however sometimes sinks down in that lasting estate of entire joylessness, which Goethe expresses in the words:

"But to new horror I awake each morn,
And I could weep hot tears to see the sun
Dawn on another day, whose round
forlorn
Will satisfy no wish of mine — not one.
Which still, with forward captiousness, impairs
E'en the presentiment of every joy,
While low realities and paltry cares
The spirit's fond imaginings destroy.
And even I then, when falls the veil of night,
Stretched on my bed, I languish in despair;
Appalling dreams my soul affright;
No rest vouchsafed me even there." etc.

At the end of the phrase this dark, joyless sentiment seems to be growing to gigantic proportions, seems to encircle the universe in order to take

possession of this world with conquering majesty, which God created — for Joy.

Second Phrase.

A wild desire takes us at once with the first rhythmic of this second phrase: a new world in which we enter, in which we are carried away to an ecstasy of delight. Goethe expresses this in the words:

"Hearken! The end I aim is not joy;
I crave excitement, agonizing bliss,
Enamored hatred, quickening vexation.

In depths of sensual pleasure drowned,
Let us our fiery passions still!
Enwrapped in magic's veil profound,
Let wondrous charms our senses thrill!
Plunge we in time's tempestuous flow,
Stem we the rolling surge of chance!
There may alternate weal and woe,
Success and failure as they can,
Mingle and shift in changeable dance!
Excitement is the sphere for man!"

With the sudden entrance of the middle phrase is opened to us one of those scenes of earthly joy and delightful ease:

"With the folk here each day's a holiday.
With little wit and much content,
Each on his own small round intent."

Such limited joyfulness we cannot regard as the aim of our restless hunting after happiness and noblest joy. Again we turn away to attain a higher happiness, which we, alas! cannot obtain in that way. Thus we are driven back to that scene of delightful ease, which we, this time at once push away with discontented haste.

Third Phrase.

How otherwise these tones speak to our heart! How pure, how appealingly they dissolve the defiance, the wild impulsion of the soul, frightened by despair, into mild, woeless feeling! It is, as if remembrance were awakened, a remembrance to pure happiness previously enjoyed:

"Then would celestial love, with holy kiss,
Come o'er me in the Sabbath's stilly hour,
While, fraught with solemn meaning and mysterious power,
Chimed the deep-sounding bell, and prayer was bliss."

With this remembrance comes to us again that sweet longing, which is so well pronounced in the second theme of this phrase, and which Goethe expresses through the words:

"A yearning impulse, undefined yet dear,
Drove me to wander on through wood and field:
With heaving breast and many a burning tear,
I felt with holy joy a world reveal'd."

It appears like the longing of love to which again that first theme so appealingly answers, so that when the second theme comes again we might think as if love and hope would embrace each other to gain again their caressing power over our tormented heart.

"Wherefore, ye tones celestial, sweet and strong,
Come ye a dweller in the dusk to seek?
Ring out your chimes believing crowds among."

Thus the still twitching heart seems to turn them away with a mild resistance; but their sweet power is still

greater; we receive with open arms these fair messengers of the purest happiness:

"O still sound on, thou sweet celestial strain!
The tear-drop flows,—earth, I am thine again!"

Fourth Phrase.

The transition from the third to the fourth phrase, which begins with a shrill scream, we might explain by the words:

"A wondrous show! but ah! a show alone!
Where shall I grasp thee, infinite nature, where?
Ye breasts, ye fountains of all life, whereon
Hang heaven and earth, from which the withered heart
For solace yearns, ye still impart
Your sweet and fostering tides—where are ye—where?
Ye gush, and must I languish in despair?"

With this commencement of the last phrase, Beethoven's music assumes a more definite character. It leaves that pure instrumental character employed in the three first phrases. The going on of the musical poem demands decision, a decision, as it only can be expressed by the human voice. It seems that here was made the last trial to express by instrumental music only a sure, firm, stable happiness. But the unruly element seems to be not capable of this restriction. As a roaring sea, it comes and goes down and still stronger than before the wild, chaotic scream of unsatisfied passion bursts on our ears. There a human voice with clear, distinct expression opposes the instruments:

"Oh friends! No more such sounds of discord! Let us sing a strain more cheerful, now flowing, a strain of gladness!"

With these words chaos turns to order, now we hear clearly and distinctly pronounced, what the worried longing for joy must appear to us as the highest happiness:

"Sing then of the heav'n descended
Daughter of the starry realm,
Joy by love and hope attended,
Joy whose raptures overwhelm,
Joy whose magic reunites
All that custom sternly parts:
Brothers all whom joy delighteth,
Reconciler sweet of hearts."

"Ye who own the crowning treasure,
Loyal heart of faithful friend,
Ye whom love is woe and pleasure,
To our strain your voices lend,
Yea, who e'er mid life's delusion
One fond heart hath call'd his own,
Join us, but on him confusion
Who nor love nor joy hath known."

"Draughts of joy from cup o'erflowing,
Bounteous Nature freely gives,
Grace to just and unjust showing
Blessing ev'rything that lives.
Wine she gave to us and kisses,
Friend to gladden our abode,
E'en the worm can feel life's blisses,
And the Seraph dwells with God!"

Inciting warlike sounds are approaching; we seem to see a troop of young warriors passing whose joyful heroism is expressed in the words:

"Glad as his suns thro' ether wending
Their flaming course with might pursue,
Speed ye brothers glad and true,
Conquest in your train attending."

This guides us to a triumphant struggle only voiced by the instruments; we see the young warriors rushing courageously into a battle, of which the victorious result must be joy; once more we feel obliged to remember here Goethe's words:

"Freedom alone he earns as well as life,
Who day by day must conquer them anew."

The victory for which we had no doubt, is gained; the exertions are rewarded by the smiles of joy, which jubilantly exclaims in the full knowledge of the newly obtained happiness:

"Sing then of the heav'n—descended
Daughter of the starry realm,
Joy by love and hope attended,
Joy whose raptures overwhelm,
Joy whose magic reunites
All that custom sternly parts:
Brothers all whom joy delighteth,
Reconciler sweet of hearts."

Now in the highest feeling of joyfulness comes forth the expression of universal human love; in sublime enthusiasm we turn away from the embracing the whole human race to the great creator of Nature, whom we

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imagine to behold in the blue firmament which separated us:

"Oh, ye millions, I embrace ye!
Here's a joyful kiss for all!
Brothers, let us prostrate fall to the Pow'r that here doth place ye.
Oh ye millions kneel before Him,
Tremble earth before thy Lord,
Mercy holds his flashing sword,
As our Father we implore Him."

It is as if now through revelation we were entitled to the sublime belief: every man was created for joy. In the delightful possession of the new-found happiness, we devote ourselves to pleasure: the innocence of heart has returned to us and beneficent joy stretches out its wings. Joy now leads to exultation: thus we embrace the world; universal rejoicing fills the air like thunder, like the roaring of the sea, which in eternal motion calls the earth into life and activity for the blessing of man, to whom God gave it, that His creatures might enjoy it for ever.

"Oh ye millions, I embrace ye!
Here's a joyful kiss for all!"

The Sunny Bermudas.

The Jamaica earthquake has diverted the Withrow party, in which were seven former clients, to the coral-built, earthquake exempt Bermudas. A few places are still available in this party. For programme, write Rev. Dr. Withrow, Toronto.

Borrowby—"Let's see—do I owe you anything?"
Morrowby—"Not a cent, my boy. Going round paying your little debts?"

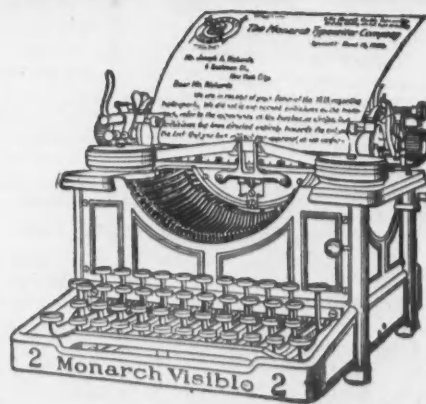
Borrowby—"No, I was going round seeing if I had overlooked anybody. Lend me five till Saturday, will you?"
—Lippincott's.

In a New York Sunday School. Teacher—"Why must we always be kind to the poor, Ethel?"

Ethel (slightly mixed)—"Because among the sundry and manifold changes of this wicked world we don't know how soon they may become rich."
—Lippincott's.

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